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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1912.

The Week

The President's recommendations relating to Alaska are the outcome of a great deal of thought on his part and on that of the able and efficient Secretary of the Interior, who has made a special study of the conditions existing in that Territory. The establishment of a leasing system for the Alaska coal lands has long been plainly indicated as the proper solution of that problem. It is clearly recommended both by Governmental experience in Australia, New Zealand, and Nova Scotia, and by the analogy of the leasing arrangements under which coal mines in private ownership are worked in this country; and it is difficult to see on what ground failure of Congress to act promptly to this end could be excused. In regard to the creation of a Government-owned railway for opening up these resources, through the acquisition of a road already partially constructed, and through its completion and continuation, there may naturally be some hesitation; but, in the peculiar circumstances of the Alaskan situation, the proposal certainly has much to commend it. Finally, there is, and long has been, crying need for a better form of government than that under which Alaska has been struggling along and the President's renewed recommendation for the institution of a form of commission government should have the immediate and earnest attention of Congress.

Two other recommendations of wide interest are made in the same message; that for the inauguration of an international inquiry into the question of high prices and that for the institution of a comprehensive inquiry into labor conditions in this country. The former will, we have little doubt, be adopted without much discussion. The latter proposes a step of great importance, but one for which the time is evidently ripe. Properly conducted, the investigations of a commission which should look into the vast and complex labor questions that have been growing more and more pressing with the development of our industries and the increasing concentration of industrial power ought to be of great value merely for the information it will elicit; and it is not too much to hope that in some vital respects they would result in beneficent practical recommendations. But everything depends on the character and ability of the investigating commission and on the spirit in which its work is undertaken. That the investigation should be "non-partisan, thorough, patient, and courageous" is the President's characterization of the quality desired; and unless it is to come up to this description, it had better not be undertaken at all.

Two reasons why Gov. Wilson cannot be elected President and ought not to be invite attention. One reason is, according to the rumor, that Grover Cleveland did not like Mr. Wilson and said so in a letter which is believed to be extant. The other reason is, according to George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, that Gov. Wilson admired Grover Cleveland, and treats him in his History as "a somewhat godlike person, and finds nothing to criticise in his entire political career." If Grover Cleveland had admired Woodrow Wilson as much as Wilson admired him, Wilson would have been doubly damned in the eyes of George Fred Williams. And if Woodrow Wilson's opinion of Grover Cleveland were as unfavorable as Mr. Cleveland's opinion of him, Wilson would have been doubly damned, as far as the *Sun* is concerned. The two ends of the same stick are thus brought into masterly application. As to the possible merit involved in Woodrow Wilson's speaking in praise of a man who had no praise for Wilson—that is a question of speculative morals into which it is probable that neither George Fred Williams nor the *Sun* cares to enter.

Four weeks from Tuesday the final vote is to be taken in the Senate on the ratification of the arbitration treaties with Great Britain and France. There seems to be no doubt that the fixing of this date by the Senate means the adoption of the treaties as amended—or, if you please, interpreted—by the Lodge resolution. No one can doubt that the adoption of the treaties will be a great step in the progress of the cause of arbitration as a prevention of war. The steady advance the treaties have made towards acceptance by the Senate is due in very great part to the remarkable manifestations of interest that have come from all parts of the country in the shape of petitions and letters. If there are any Democratic Senators who feel disposed to withhold their assent, out of a desire to prevent the carrying out of a Republican President's plan, they will be making a great mistake; for it is quite plain that the force behind the treaties is not Presidential urging, but the unmistakable pressure of public opinion.

Secretary Stimson's recent assertion in his speech advocating a rebate of Panama tolls on American shipping, that the British Government does virtually the same thing at Suez, is sharply challenged by the *Shipping World* of London. Mr. Stimson stated that the "subsidies" paid to the Peninsular & Oriental Company—the principal line using the Suez Canal—"amount to nearly six-sevenths of the tolls." On this point he is flatly contradicted by the periodical referred to, which affirms (1) that "we do not pay subsidies or bounties at all"; and (2) that "not a shilling is paid to the Peninsular & Oriental Company, or any other line of steamers, out of the National Exchequer, in any shape or form, on account of Suez Canal dues." Of course, British steamers are paid, like ours, for carrying the mail; and if any ships navigating the Suez Canal carry troops, they receive payment for that service, but it is always a case of "value received" by the Government. Even the money which the Government pays out in order to be able to use a twenty-five-knot boat as an ocean scout in time of war, has absolutely no relation to Canal tolls. It is obvious that Secretary Stimson should have more carefully informed himself.

Secretary Meyer's petulant scolding of the Democratic caucus because of its vote against new battleships includes no argument of novelty or value. He speaks, for instance, of the extent of our coast lines and the necessity of defending Hawaii, Cuba, and the Philippines. But adequately to defend these

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last would require a tremendous fleet with its base at Manila, one wholly independent of the squadrons intended to defend the Pacific Coast. Nobody save a few wild navy maniacs has as yet seriously suggested this, nor a special fleet to defend Hawaii. As for the rest of our great coast line, did we not have it to defend from 1820 to 1860 and from 1870 to 1890, during which periods we had no fleets to compare with those of England or France or Russia? Moreover, as Mr. Taft has himself pointed out, the opening of the Panama Canal will decrease the need for battleships because of the comparative speed of transferring ships from one ocean to another. As for Alaska, what strategist would think of defending this isolated territory with battleships? What could it be used for? Not as a base surely from which to launch an army against Seattle. But the most absurd contention of all is Mr. Meyer's bombastic declaration that no country can have great over-sea commerce without a fleet. He might satisfy himself by turning to his own Department's records, which show that when our mercantile fleet was at its maximum our navy was wholly insignificant.

If Philadelphia voters had the power of recalling judges, they might be inclined to apply it to Judge Bregy for stating unpalatable truths. In upholding the claim of Contractor McNichol against the city for $523,000, upon the ground that the city was legally bound to pay it, the Judge said:

> The Mayor and the Councilmen are elected by the people, and are supposed to represent them. If they misrepresent their constituents, the remedy, and the only one, is defeat at the polls. If citizens do not interest themselves on election day, they must take the consequences of that neglect. The remedy for faithless, venal, or reckless officials lies in the ballot-box. While individual legislators can be punished for criminal acts, the joint act of a legislative body cannot be set aside by the court, even if it can be clearly shown that the act was one of bad faith and bad public policy.

The sting of the decision lies in the condition that the city is facing as a result of that neglect which the Judge rebukes. So heavy are the obligations left by the machine as a legacy to the Blankenburg Administration that a permanent loan of $10,000,000 is necessary for needed improvements—this in face of the fact that the city's funded debt increased under Mayor Reyburn's four years from $66,000,000 to $109,000,000.

In a signed editorial in the Boston *Herald*, Robert A. Woods, the well-known settlement worker, admits that the relative absence of distress shows that on the whole the employees at Lawrence have been receiving sufficiently high wages to enable them to provide for their wants, and even to lay something aside for emergencies. What more could one possibly demand? But he goes on to point out that this condition obtains under a scale of weekly earnings "which is fairly shocking to the mind of nearly every conservative American." Instead of being able to adopt the standard of living which we know from the voluble assertions of protected manufacturers is one of the great blessings of high tariff rates, these Lawrence operatives are forced to introduce into New England "the lowest scale of European working class existence." Yet we have been told over and over again that protective duties exist only to enable American workingmen to live on the fat of the land.

There may be greater legal validity than at first appears in the argument of the Steel Corporation lawyers that its organization has been so long "acquiesced in" by the Government as properly to be immune from attack. Careless persons may be disposed to say that there can be no vested right in violation of a statute, and that the question of violation is for the courts to pass upon. But that is just the point. The Steel Corporation lawyers are, in effect, pleading a decision of the highest court in bar of action against them. To be sure, they do not name the Supreme Court, but they adduce one whose authority is greater than that of any court. When they say that the Government acquiesced, they mean that the President who for seven years held a *lit de justice* in the White House, deciding what was unlawful and what was not, had given them a handsome certificate of character. After that, it is sheer impudence if not *Majestätsbeleidigung* to bring suit against them.

No better purpose could be found for a public bequest of a million dollars than that contemplated in the will of Mrs. Caroline W. Neustadter, which devotes that sum to the building of homes for the working people of this city. That the exemption from inheritance taxes which the law provides in the case of bequests for charitable objects should apply in this case seems manifest. Of course, that is an entirely different thing from exempting the property in which the fund shall be invested from taxation. The devotion of money to this particular purpose is one of the things most worthy of encouragement as well as commendation. In the hands of the trustees of the fund, assuming that nothing will occur to divert it from this excellent object, will be placed a great opportunity and a great responsibility.

A careful compilation of facts relating to judicial delay in disposing of murder cases in New York State will be found in a letter appearing elsewhere in the *Nation* to-day. Our correspondent makes no comment, but the facts speak for themselves. They are taken from the records, and they show that out of 119 instances of appeal in trials for murder in the first degree, there were no less than 80 in which the time intervening between the conviction and the disposal of the case by the Court of Appeals was one year or more. If to this time we add that spent in bringing the case to trial in the first place, we see how remote the final disposition of the case must have been from the commission of the crime. All this is terribly wasteful and demoralizing. It does away with a large part of the effect that the whole process of prosecution and punishment is designed to produce. A reform is urgently demanded.

Events are forcing President Madero into a policy of repression which opens the way for the charge that his methods are to be in no way different from those of Porfirio Diaz. But the obvious distinction is that, whereas Diaz had forty years and more in which to develop his conceptions of the proper government for Mexico, Madero is just beginning his trial. The principal indictment against Diaz is not that he began to rule autocratically, but that he continued to do so, making no effort to educate the nation against the time when he, Diaz, being but mortal man, must let the reins fall from his hands. Conceding that

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Mexico can be ruled only by a strong man, Diaz made no effort to develop an heir-apparent to the throne. For some time to come Madero will have to reckon with the after-effects of the revolution which he himself began. Apparently the Latin-American appetite for guerrilla warfare cannot be easily satisfied after its long fasting in Mexico. Sporadic turbulence and riot are therefore to be expected. Only as time goes on can one say whether Madero's methods are directed towards the best interests of the country or towards selfish ends.

Tuesday morning's dispatches stated that the Unionists are abandoning their announced plan to prevent, by riot and arms, the making of a Home Rule speech in Belfast this week by Winston Churchill. This is a late coming to their senses, but it is welcome. Apparently, their leaders have been unable to resist the storm of ridicule and of protest which has beaten upon them. They did not like being called, with so much reason, "the new Irish rebels." The old phrase, "Parnellism and Crime," was turned against them in the form of "Unionism and Crime." It must be admitted, however, that the militant Ulstermen are not without some excuse. They might allege that they were spurred on by English Unionists. For the latter have been for the past few weeks making great play with the supposed iniquities of the forthcoming Home Rule bill. The new Conservative leader, Mr. Bonar Law, has made a series of rousing speeches, all on this theme; and all the orators of the party have been furbishing up the arguments and appeals and prejudices which they employed with so much effect in 1886 and 1893. Their obvious aim has been to stir up so much popular feeling that the Lords will feel justified in throwing out the Home Rule bill, the Ministry will be weakened, and a general election soon brought on which will restore the Conservatives to power.

In an article reviewing the condition of real-estate business in the United Kingdom, as shown by the transactions of the year 1911, the London *Economist* refers to Ireland as having exhibited, far more distinctly than any other part of the country, an improved state of things. "In Ireland," says the *Economist*, "the magic of property has worked wonders, and the mere fact that the tenants own their lands has produced an enormous increase in agricultural industry and prosperity." This statement is in accord with the observations and narratives of visitors to Ireland for some time past. The land-purchase legislation enacted by Parliament after so many years of agitation has amply vindicated those who so persistently urged that reform of the system of land tenure was the one most vital need of the country. Foremost among the names of those whose influence was exerted in behalf of this wise and salutary policy should be placed that of John Stuart Mill; how much misery and how much political difficulty and danger might have been obviated had his counsels been heeded seventy instead of twenty years ago, it is impossible to compute.

A friend of the late Henry Labouchere writes that he usually had "that slightly forlorn and wistful cast which comes to the man who began by being funny and must at all costs go on whether he feels funny or not." This refers, of course, to Mr. Labouchere's speeches in the House of Commons. It is interesting thus to learn that there are English parallels to an experience which has not been uncommon in this country. More than one promising Congressional career has been blighted by the reputation early acquired of being a humorous speaker. If a man once makes sport for the House, it will thereafter insist that he must always amuse it, or else it will refuse to listen. The classic example, of course, is Proctor Knott, with his famous Duluth speech, which he sought to live down afterwards, but was never able. "Private John" Allen of Mississippi is another instance, though he was able to convey a great deal of useful truth under the guise of laughter. But as a rule, the statesman who is ambitious and who hopes seriously to get the ear of the people, will do well to imitate, though for other reasons, Dr. Holmes's resolve never to be as funny as he can.

The reconciliation between the two branches of the House of Braganza is an interesting proof that monarchs sometimes deign to learn from commoners. Let a Right or Left or Centre taste the bitterness of defeat, and, however divided it may have been in the flush of power, it is as a united Opposition that it faces the new Government, which on its part already begins to show symptoms of internal distress. Royal rivals, however, have never fallen so completely into this beautiful custom. In France, Bourbon and Bonapartist and Orleanist never growl at one another so fiercely as when there is a chance for a restoration of the monarchy, and in Spain a Pretender is happiest when everything points to a republic. But it requires nothing more than a little calm consideration to see that it is better to be a Duke or a Prince, with a reversionary interest in the throne, than an outcast. Mere politicians have always known this instinctively, and have profited by their willingness to make "deals" and to await their turn. How well the Portuguese aspirants for the lost sceptre have grasped the idea is shown by the announcement that the Pretender is to finance the campaign, while the ex-King will furnish the prestige.

Heartburnings over the removal of the capital of India from Calcutta to Delhi had scarcely begun to abate before new woes were resounding over the Durbar Coronation medal. Originally, there were five thousand of these rare prizes, all for military men of distinction. Then it was announced that the number was to be increased by another five thousand for the rank and file. But it was soon found that many medals had gone to ladies, to visitors in various camps, to clerks, and others of like prominence. In some places "the medal was ladled out without the slightest ceremony or order." As a consequence, heads of departments have apparently been passed by, and persons without a shred of official position "practically had the medal thrown at them." In any case, the civilians who have been rewarded by the bestowal of the precious bits of metal have been out of all proportion to those in the army who have been similarly blessed, and bad feeling has resulted. The Calcutta *Englishman*, accordingly, calls for an investigation. But even if it were possible to trace the medals, the attempt to take them away from those who have them and give them to those who want them is a task fraught with peril to any Government. It would be much safer to issue medals to all who apply.

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FUTURE OF REPUBLICAN PROGRESSIVES.

Ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska gives it as his opinion that the Presidential election of this year will lead to the break-up of the Republican Progressive movement. The word "progressive" itself will, he thinks, disappear ere long from the Republican vocabulary. He expects most of the Progressive Republican leaders to be "reabsorbed" by the party, though he ventures no prediction as to what will become of their constituents. The ex-Senator does not say so, but it is highly probable that he is drawing a moral from the experience of the Populist party, of which he was a member. It, too, for a time had its Representatives in the House and a handful of Senators, but in due time it passed away leaving not a rack behind. Some of the Populists went one way and some another—joining the Democrats or the Republicans or the Socialists, as the case might be—but the party as such ceased to exist. Does a similar fate await the Republican Progressives?

It is too early to answer that question confidently, but it is clearly the judgment of competent and impartial observers that the Republican Progressive movement has already passed its climax. The decline evidently set in last year. A great deal of the moral force of the cause was obviously lost when President Taft was urging reciprocity with Canada, and the Progressives, almost to a man, opposed it. For the country believed that this was a betrayal of the most vital principle which from the first lay behind the protests and the organization of the Republican Progressives. They had alleged various grievances against the President and the party management, but the chief one was the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which they asserted was in violation of solemn pledges to the people and was in pursuance of the old control of the party by a selfish clique that cared nothing for the real desires of the nation as a whole. On that issue the fight was made in 1909 and 1910, in both House and Senate, as well as in the press and on the stump. The changes were rung on the charge that the Republican party had been false to its promises, and that only the Progressives could be trusted to give any relief from tariff taxes. But the reciprocity agreement with Canada was as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Progressive movement; and the attitude of its leading representatives, under the test, was so disappointing as to cause multitudes to lose faith in their consistency or sincerity. And as the hope and life of the whole political demonstration depended upon the belief that the men engaged in it would stanchly stand by their convictions, the loss of confidence was instant and marked.

Since that time the course of the most prominent Progressives has not been such as to persuade the country that they have either a very clear policy or a wholly disinterested purpose. They have entered upon a period of political uncertainty and even of intrigue. They have appeared to know neither their own minds nor what leader to follow. Their allegiance to Senator La Follette was but half-hearted from the first, and has since been broken and flickering, with disastrous results. A dispatch from Seattle last week announced that the La Follette organization in the State of Washington had disbanded and that its members would at once form Roosevelt clubs in Seattle and seven other Washington cities. The announcement of Senator Cummins's candidacy was itself a sign of the hopelessness of La Follette's aspirations, and it is not denied that some of the latter's intimate friends were opposed to his recent avowal never, never to withdraw in favor of Roosevelt. Gifford Pinchot's failure to repeat his Chicago endorsement of La Follette's candidacy at the Carnegie Hall meeting in this city, after he had prepared a statement for the local press to that effect, was also not without its significance. In other words, the attitude of that other great Progressive at Oyster Bay had about settled the matter when La Follette himself, by his ill-considered speech on Friday before the Periodical Publishers in Philadelphia, gave his candidacy the *coup de grâce*.

Nothing has hurt the Progressives so much as their apparent readiness to drop La Follette or Cummins and to rush into the arms of Roosevelt, if only that suddenly silent gentleman would bid them come to his bosom. Meanwhile, their backing and filling, while perplexed with doubt, is having a most disturbing effect upon their followers. Many of the latter have serious misgivings about the Colonel being sound in the Progressive faith, especially in the matter of the tariff. They remember how firm a standpatter he was during all his Presidency, and they also recall that the platform of the New York Convention of 1910, which he controlled, sang so low on the subject of tariff abuses as to be well-nigh inaudible. If the Progressives were now to go over to him bodily, it would show that they cared much more to win than to be right or even consistent. And, according to trustworthy reports from the West, all their dilly-dallying is provoking a great deal of dissatisfaction and exasperation on the part of the Progressive rank and file.

In view of the events and tendencies thus hastily outlined, it is not surprising to learn from a foreigner who has for years been making a close study of American politics, that in his judgment the Progressive Republicans have seen their best days as a separate party. He does not, with ex-Senator Allen, count upon their being speedily "reabsorbed." A few of the leaders, he thinks, will soon align themselves again with the regular Republicans. One or two may go over to the Democratic party. Others may remain for a time in an attitude of sullen aloofness. But what of the Republican voters in the insurgent States? It is probable that they will before long seek new political affiliations. Some will go back to their old party; but the majority will be disposed to vote even this year for a Democrat, provided the candidate be one who strongly appeals to them. Large numbers of them would go for Wilson—a fact which, of course, emphasizes the good political strategy of his nomination.

While we think that such a forecast will be found, on the whole, to have much truth in it, and while we consider it probable that the Progressive movement will not long remain distinct and vigorous, we would not be thought to disparage the work it has already done. It represented a powerful and useful protest. It was owing to this that the smooth-running machine in the Senate, particularly, was broken to pieces, and conscientious speaking and voting put on a new footing. It is true, and it is doubtless well, that in this country government by "groups," as in France or Germany, instead of by two leading parties, has not been in favor: that is one reason why the permanence of the

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Progressives, as such, was not to be expected. Yet their influence will long remain, and we shall continue to owe them a debt for having so effectively vindicated freedom of action and having held up worthy ideals.

THE PERVERSITY OF BRITISH TRADE.

The trade figures for 1911 continue the tale of disappointment for those who, some years ago, were so industriously building up a case for protection in England. England, they saw plainly, had entered on the down-hill path; she might hold her own for a while, but she had evidently reached the stationary stage, while German trade was forging ahead by leaps and bounds. If Britain was to continue to hold up her head at all, she must join the procession of the protectionist countries whose rejection of the outworn fetich of free trade had paved the way to their national greatness. How protection was going to do this for England, whose position was so essentially different, was never made any too plain, even if it were granted that the protectionist policy was the true explanation of Germany's commercial rise; but it is difficult to get the wayfaring man to look an argument of this kind in the mouth. Free traders were put on the defensive. Unable to prophesy as glibly as did Mr. Chamberlain and his followers, they had to content themselves with pointing out that his prophecies had not yet been fulfilled, and that the figures on which he based them were unfairly chosen, and even if fair would by no means be sufficient to prove his point. For the rest they planted themselves squarely on the ground of fundamental principle, and rallied their countrymen to their standard by an appeal to reason. That the appeal was successful is strong testimony to the hold which the free-trade idea has acquired upon the public mind in England.

Fortunately, however, the actual course of trade has been such as thoroughly to meet the protectionists on their own ground. The very year in which Chamberlain's agitation first came to the front showed an advance in the volume of exports, the prospective decline of which formed the heart of the protectionist jeremiads; and that advance continued steadily and on a remarkable scale until it was checked by the depression following upon the panic of 1907. In 1903, the exports of British products amounted to $1,450,000,000, itself an increase of about $40,000,000 over the preceding year; the next year broke all previous records, and so did the next, and the next, and the next; the value of exports for 1907 was $2,130,000,000, an increase of about 48 per cent. over 1903, although 1903 had itself been almost at high-water mark. The years 1908 and 1909 fell below 1907, but were record years with that exception; with 1910 came a figure breaking all records, and now comes 1911, beating 1910 by $120,000,000. The exports of British products for 1911 reached the enormous total of $2,270,000,000, thus showing an increase of 56 per cent. over the volume of exports of 1903, the year when Mr. Chamberlain's predictions of trade decadence first began to stir up the waters of British politics.

It ought in fairness to be pointed out that this growth must in considerable measure be ascribed to the rise of prices—the lessened purchasing power of money; but for the purpose here in view it is not necessary to attempt to measure the degree in which this factor enters into the phenomenon. For the point of the British protectionist's arguments has lain fully as much in comparisons with Germany as in any assertions about British trade taken by itself. Well, let us look at the German figures. The world has been resounding with exclamations of wonder at the growth of German industry and trade; one can hardly pick up a magazine without hearing of the way in which the Germans are gaining possession of the world through the expansion of their commerce. How, then, do the German figures stand, by way of comparison? We have not the statistics for 1911; but we may take both the British and the German figures for 1903 and 1910. Exports from Germany rose in those seven years from $1,280,000,000 to $1,860,000,000, an increase of 45 per cent.; exports from the United Kingdom advanced from $1,450,000,000 to $2,150,000,000, or 48 per cent. Nor would consideration of adjacent or intermediate years affect the conclusion; there was quite as marked a dip down after the panic of 1907 for Germany as for England. It should be needless to say that to regard the figures of foreign trade as conclusive concerning the prosperity of either country would be absurd; but against those who a few years ago were passing sentence of death on the English free-trade system upon the confident expectation of what these very figures would prove, the showing is a complete answer. In view of the truly wonderful character of German activities in the domains of industry, finance, and commerce, and considering the extraordinary development which England had so much earlier attained, the figures present a state of facts that is truly remarkable.

Apart from the interest that attaches to these facts, especially in view of their bearing on the prospective development of British politics, it is worth while to draw attention to them as a warning against the common tendency to draw large conclusions from a meagre statistical basis. It is astonishing how prone to this weakness are many men whose general mental power ought to be a sufficient defence against it. Much, of course, is due to the wish being father to the thought; we pounce upon a few figures that seem to point our way, and make the most of them. But this is by no means adequate to account for the childishness that is so often exhibited in this particular by men of respectable or even of great ability. Mr. Chamberlain's talk may have been more than half-consciously delusive; but there are plenty of instances in which the man begins by wholly deluding himself. Some of the queerest things ever heard in this line were uttered by one after another of the biggest men in the Republican party at the time when our balance of trade first reached a very large figure, under McKinley's Administration; and nobody is better at dropping into these follies than some of our greatest "captains of industry," when there is a falling off in the figures of any particular thing in which they are interested. Even when statistics are ample, they must be looked upon only as an aid to thinking, and not as a substitute for it.

THE RIGHT TO "HAPPINESS."

Some months ago, a great deal of space was given in the newspapers to the escapade of two young people who entered upon the experiment of defying what many clever young writers are in the habit of designating, in an easy-go-

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ing fashion, as the "conventions" of society. Last Sunday the experiment came to an end here in New York in the shape of a double suicide. To elevate this pitiful little tragedy to the rank of a matter of public moment would be to assign to it an importance to which it is in no way entitled; but the general interest that has been attracted to this particular case justifies some attention to certain prevalent modes of thought and habits of expression.

Most particularly, we have in mind the use of the word "convention" to indicate that great body of laws, customs, traditions, and sentiments upon which the institution of marriage rests. There are youngsters barely out of their teens, and knowing young women fresh from college, who evidently think that they are making a great concession to the intellectual weakness of the mass of mankind when they refer to these "conventions" with patronizing indulgence. For this state of mind, based as it is on that unquestioning self-confidence which in some immature persons is so repulsive and in others so pathetic, there is perhaps no remedy, or, if any, only the remedy of time; for the delusion is almost sure to find more reinforcement in the attractive talk of a few brilliant writers who support it than counteraction in the sober words of all the wise men who may point out the lessons of history or the teachings of philosophic thought. But it is a thousand pities that through mere want of thought, or looseness of language, writers who have no idea of giving countenance to the notion that the world is going to be made over to-morrow should fall into a form of speech which implies that the most fundamental fact in human society is nothing more than a passing convention. The mere use of the word in this way cannot fail to exercise, upon thousands of unformed minds, an insidious influence. How far the thing can go is best illustrated, perhaps, when such an expression as "bourgeois convention" falls quite naturally from the pen of a gifted young writer, as if the long result of time, the dear-bought fruit of ages of trial and suffering and groping, were nothing but a petty arrangement among little people who have no vision beyond their cash-accounts.

Behind this view of the sanctions of marriage, as behind similar views in regard to other institutions of civilized society, lies the idea of the individual's "right to happiness." Many marriages are unhappy; many individuals think that by disregarding the bonds of marriage they can find that happiness, to which they feel they are by nature entitled. There is nothing strange or surprising in this; the surprising thing is that anybody except the party thus directly concerned should feel that this view of the matter is "superior" or "enlightened." In point of fact, it is very like the superior views of those who keep discovering that the earth is flat, or inventing contrivances for perpetual motion. The views that they propound are not "superior" or "advanced"; on the contrary, they are crude and retrograde. It needs no young prophet to tell us that marriage often results in unhappiness; we all know that, but we know of no way to make everybody happy. The individual has no "right to happiness" other than such right as is consistent with the happiness and well-being of all mankind. What the malcontents would lightly cut away as a mere "convention" is the very sheet-anchor of society. In the vain endeavor to satisfy the unregulated craving of each individual for all the happiness of which he thinks himself capable, they would destroy that which makes it possible for the great mass of mankind to have some tolerable degree of happiness and stability.

Through the whole tribe of easy-going and self-confident reconstructions of life, whether relating to the institution of marriage or to that of property, or what not, there runs one and the same fallacy. Marriage is a failure, private property is a failure, law is a failure—why? Because it has not brought about perfection; because, if you please, there stand to its account many glaring, even monstrous, wrongs and maladjustments. The suppressed premise in all this is that, somehow or other—Heaven only knows how—mankind was in possession of the means of procuring those blessings which it has not managed to acquire, and was balked of their attainment by the instrumentalities by which, in point of fact, it has attained so much of them as has actually been realized. Under the reign of laws, there is injustice; let us then abolish laws, and have that justice which anarchy alone can provide. Under the régime of private property, there are many who are poor and suffering; let us then get rid of private property, and we shall all be sure to be prosperous and contented. In thousands of marriages there is not that concord of souls which is the ideal union; let us then be free to break away from each other whenever we feel so inclined, and nothing can be more certain than that happiness and loyalty and contentment will be the lot of every man and woman. Strange that such childish absurdity should pass muster at all; stranger still that anybody should plume himself on superiority of intellect in accepting it, and imagine that those whom it does not convince are deaf to the voice of reason.

ATHLETICS AND HEALTH.

In his report for 1911, Dr. Charles F. Stokes, Surgeon-General of the navy, makes the rather sweeping statement that, in the opinion of the Bureau, "competitive and spectacular athletics are undesirable in the service." This is particularly true for "midshipmen who are prone to overtrain for, or hazard too much in, a contest." Moreover, while he has football in mind, he is thinking not so much of its hazards under present conditions of play as of its "disabling after-effects"; and he does not criticise it alone. Indeed, his concern is less with actual contests, whether of football, boat-racing, or long-distance running, than with the training that they necessitate. It is the "prolonged rigorous course of physical exercises necessary to excellence in physical sports" that is believed to be dangerous. Under the conditions of service at sea, it is impossible to continue rigorous exercise, and hence one who has been accustomed to it tends to lose stamina, to fall a prey to degenerative changes, and in the end "fails to render as many years of efficient service under service conditions as does his less athletic, but symmetrically developed, classmate."

The figures which Dr. Stokes furnishes in support of his contention are rather suggestive than conclusive. A recent examination of the medical records of 625 former athletes of the classes from 1891 to 1911 shows two deaths "directly attributable to track and crew racing," and one to an injury received in a football game. Of the 604 remaining in the service, over and above

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those dead or retired, 198 "have disabilities or abnormal conditions of sufficient moment to be of official record, and to which their record as athletes bears a possible or probable causative relation." This inference is cautious enough, and it is to be noted that statements regarding the physical condition of the 406 non-athletes are wanting. That this, too, is not what it might have been is indicated by these two unqualified declarations:

> An examination of the reports on the physical condition of the four classes at the Academy shows a marked gain in average weight and strength during the first year, a slight loss of average weight, and a decided loss of strength during the subsequent years of training.
>
> As this bears a constant relation to the decrease in compulsory exercise during these years, as shown by the reports, it is evident that the mind is cultivated at the expense of the body in the case of the third, second, and first classes.

Manifestly, a midshipman is at the height of his physical development at the close of his first year in the Academy. It is equally evident that too little training is bad, and that too much is worse. Apparently, the right amount is not easy to hit.

Doctors would not be doctors if they did not disagree, and consequently one feels no surprise at finding that Dr. Stokes's conclusions provoke as much dissent as approval among medical men. Dr. Sargent, for instance, in a symposium upon the subject in the *Medical Times*, attributes the "vast majority" of injuries resulting from athletics to the very cause which the Surgeon-General does not make prominent, namely, football; and not merely to training for the game, but to actual participation in it. Dr. Estes of Lehigh, on the contrary, sees the harm to be in the "ulterior effects of over-exertion," especially by undeveloped boys who have not had sufficient training for the strenuous contests which they enter. This confusion in respect to the facts in the case is paralleled by the uncertainty of deduction drawn from whatever set of data one accepts. Here is Dr. Lambert of the University of Virginia, confessing that he has permitted some men to play who were suffering with derangement of the heart; explaining that he had known none of them to be injured, and that some of them had shown improvement; but unexpectedly adding: "This improvement I do not, however, attribute to football." Similarly reticent is Dr. Anderson of Yale: "My conclusions showed that the athlete is not short-lived, but I do not state that he owed his longevity to athletics." He even allows the possibility that athletics may have harmed these long-lived men.

It is Dr. Anderson also who points out a central source of difficulty in making comparisons between athletes and non-athletes, and hence in determining the relation between athletics and health. Were the athletes whose records he had examined long-lived because they were athletes, or because they were picked men? Was their longevity due to training or to natural stamina? This difficulty is recognized, although far less explicitly, by Dr. Sharpe, himself a former Yale athlete of note. Football, he remarks, "is not unnecessarily dangerous. On the contrary, we feel that if a man is built for it, it will do him good." The implication is that a man may not be built for it. Now, if athletics in general are for those only who are built for them, the negative has gone a great way towards establishing its case, for it will hardly be denied that the practice at most colleges is not so much to find the man who is built for athletics as the man who can be made to stand the strain of the important games. And since in the common mind "athletics" is synonymous with what Dr. Stokes calls "competitive and spectacular athletics," in reference to which Dr. Sharpe's admission is particularly applicable, the burden of proof seems to be upon those who dissent from the Surgeon-General's verdict that such exercise is "undesirable." Dr. Gwathmey of this city sets forth as the ideal that "every man in the institution should be trained moderately, instead of a few men who do not need the training being trained to the limit of their physical powers." Why not have both? There are signs of an awakening in the college world to the fact that athletics were made for man, and not man for athletics. This perception should be materially deepened by every such study of the question as the Surgeon-General's report is causing.

BOOKS ON RECENT ITALIAN HISTORY.

FLORENCE, January 24.

Few periods of Italian history have been more closely studied by native historians than that of the Risorgimento, while to none has less attention been devoted than to that which immediately succeeded the unification of the country. This past year, however, in which the Jubilee of the Italian kingdom has been celebrated, we have had both a rich harvest of books on the first-named epoch and at least one important work on the second.

The most important contribution to Risorgimento history issued this year is undoubtedly Dr. G. E. Curatulo's volume of documents on the action of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi in 1860-61 ("Vittorio Emanuele, Garibaldi, Cavour nei fasti della Patria"; Bologna: Zanichelli). Dr. Curatulo has for years been gathering together documents on this period and he is gradually publishing the more valuable parts of his collection. The present volume deals particularly with the preparations for Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition and the attitude of the King and of his great statesman towards it. Cavour, as we know, was not at first enthusiastic at the idea, but while some of the author's documents confirm this view, they do not prove that Cavour was ever actually hostile; he saw diplomatic difficulties, and the very real danger of foreign intervention arising from Garibaldi's splendid piece of audacity, and he was anxious not to involve the King. Of exceptional interest is the correspondence between Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi; it had long been well known that the gallant soldier-King was more in sympathy than Cavour with the "Hero of the Two Worlds," and that there was a secret understanding between them as to the line of policy which should be followed; but the ten letters which are now published for the first time show us the inner workings of the plot of the monarch and Garibaldi to subvert the old diplomacy and bring about the collapse of the Bourbon kingdom and the union of Italy in the teeth of all the forces of reaction. Dr. Curatulo's volume contains a mass of other valuable material, mostly unpublished. His comments are lucid and useful, but in his unbounded enthusiasm for Garibaldi he is not always fair to Cavour, and he is apt to draw deductions from his material which it does not altogether bear out.

T. Palamenghi-Crispi, whose volume of documents on the part played by his uncle Francesco Crispi in Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily, has already been noticed in these columns, has now published a book on Mazzini ("Giuseppe Mazzini: Epistolario inedito, 1836-1864"; Milan: Treves). The book contains

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much important material which will prove valuable to future historians and enables us to study Mazzini's character, aims, and activity in many fields. We realize the importance of his work in the period previous to 1859 when his countless conspiracies and projects and his tireless plotting served to keep alive, or rather to create, the Italian political spirit which made Italian unity possible and inevitable. After 1859 his task was done, and his subsequent activity did no good to the Italian cause and still less to his own reputation. These contradictions make it difficult for us to pass final judgment on Mazzini; and the latter period of his life, and his limitations, are apt to obscure from our sight the immense services which he had previously rendered to his country. As in the author's former work, the best use is not made of the material; the documents are set forth without logical sequence, and the editorial comment is at times insufficient and at others superfluous.

A book of a different type is Senator Giovanni Cadolini's "Memorie del Risorgimento dal 1848 al 1862" (Milan: Cogliati). The author first joined the volunteers in his native town of Cremona when seventeen years old, on the outbreak of the revolutionary war of 1848, and took part in various engagements. After the Italian defeats in the north, he joined Giacomo Medici's force and hurried to Rome, where he served in the memorable defence of the city in 1849. His account of the siege is one of the most interesting parts of the volume, although it tells us little that is new. After the fall of Rome Cadolini went into exile in Piedmont and Sardinia, conspired against the Austrians in Lombardy, and helped to carry on the national propaganda by smuggling prohibited books and newspapers into that country. When the war of 1859 broke out he joined Garibaldi's famous *Cacciatori delle Alpi*, and distinguished himself on many a stricken field. Finally, he followed Medici in the second expedition to Sicily, in support of Garibaldi's original Thousand, fought at Milazzo, on the Volturno, and elsewhere, until the proclamation of Italian unity in 1861.

The most recent period of Italian history is dealt with in a large work published by the Accademia dei Lincei, "Cinquant' anni di Storia italiana" (Milan: Hoepli), by a number of authors. The Lincei may be regarded as the oldest learned academy, having been founded in 1603, and it has always maintained its reputation as an assembly of eminent scholars and men of science. Consequently, when in 1909 Sig. Carcano, then Minister of the Treasury, on the occasion of the jubilee of Italian unity, conceived the idea of a work to be published under the auspices of the Government, setting forth the progress of the kingdom in all its aspects during the last fifty years, it was the Lincei that seemed most suited to carry out the task. The programme of the work proposed was ambitious, but it has been achieved in part, if not altogether. In any case, the work is the most complete and important on the period in question which has yet appeared. The first essay is a summary of Italian political history from 1861 to 1910 by Senator Raffaele De Cesare; the part dealing with the years subsequent to 1870 is the most useful, as it is difficult to find any general and accurate account of that period, and any one who wished to study it has hitherto had to wade through heavy tomes of Parliamentary reports, registers of laws, the *Gazzetta ufficiale*, Government inquiries, and to supplement them with party pamphlets. Sig. De Cesare has not, of course, been able, in the narrow space assigned to him, to give more than a rapid sketch, but he is clear and concise; and although he does not hide his political sympathies, which are not favorable to the very democratic tendencies of Signor Giolitti, he manages to be fair and impartial. Professor Benini gives us an interesting and detailed account of the demographic movement of the population, with much statistical material. Carlo Ferraris describes the development of the railway system.

The account of the progress of the Italian electrical industry, by Senator Colombo, the president of the Italian Edison Company, is of especial importance. The Milan central power station, which was the first in Europe, began to operate in 1883, one year after Edison had set up the first plant of the kind in America. In 1898 there were 2,264 electric power stations in Italy, producing 117,000 horsepower; of these 1,143 derived their energy from water-power. In 1909 the total number of stations had risen to 3,600, producing 820,000 horsepower, of which 610,000 were due to water-power. The projected plants will produce another 250,000 horsepower, and the total water-power available for electricity is estimated at about 3,000,000 horsepower; but by means of reservoirs and other appliances a much higher figure will probably be reached. This use of water-power, in which Italy's mountains are singularly rich, has opened up new prospects of industrial development, all the more valuable in a country lacking in coal, and it is gradually transforming many a mountain village. Other writers describe other aspects of Italy's remarkable industrial development, while Prof. Ghino Valenti gives a long and detailed account of Italian agriculture, which is somewhat pessimistic as to the results of the action of the state, but expresses confidence in the work of the more intelligent landlords and the peasants. Professor Valenti believes that emigration has contributed in no small degree to the progress achieved, but that much remains to be done to give a scientific character to the agricultural industry, especially in the South. On the purely intellectual development of Italy we have Prof. Luigi Pigorini's essay on prehistoric research, and that of Prof. Giuseppe Gatti on archæological discoveries and studies, while Prof. Vincenzo Masi describes the educational system and institutions, both public and private. Jurisprudence, legislative progress, and the formation of the codes are the subject of Prof. Biagio Brugi's paper. Paolo Carcano, who planned the whole work, gives an account of Italian finance. The situation, he writes, if not perfect, is certainly very good, for the income of the state has risen from 480,000,000 lire in 1861, when the population was 22,000,000, to 2,212,000,000 lire in 1910, while the population had only grown to 35,000,000, and there have been considerable surpluses in the budgets of the last few years. A proof of the sound financial condition of the country is to be found in the fact that the campaign in Tripoli is being paid for out of Treasury residues without as yet raising new loans or increasing the taxes.

The third and concluding volume, to be published next year, will contain essays on biology, by Professor Grassi; emigration, by Professor Coletti; banking and foreign trade, by Bonaldo Stringher (the general manager of the Banca d' Italia), etc.

This publication, in spite of many merits, is far from faultless. The essays are unequal in value, and certain important aspects of Italian development, such as literature, historical study, art, music, etc., have, for no apparent reason, been entirely omitted. L. V.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the interest of literary origins the real history of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's ballad, "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" (1890) ought to be preserved. It is twenty-one years since the poem appeared, and the fires which evoked it have long since died. The poem may be found in the "Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling," Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1911, on pp. 222-226. Mr. Kipling has prefixed a note as follows (the italics are mine):

> This ballad *appears* to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, an American *pirate*. *It is founded on fact.*

This note is framed with great calculation. The ballad *appears* to refer to an exploit of Paul Jones, when as a matter of truth it has to deal with a business experience of Mr. Kipling himself and in so far is "founded on fact," but the facts are quite different from what the casual reader would suspect. "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" was originally printed in the *Athenæum* of December 6, 1890, and its genesis is to be found in a controversy of that year between Mr. Kipling and Messrs. Harper & Bros., in which the pages of the *Athenæum* were the medium. In the issue

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of October 4, 1890, under the caption, "Literary Gossip," is the following:

A year or so ago Mr. Rudyard Kipling, when passing through New York, called on Messrs. Harper and offered them for reprinting "Soldiers Three" and other pieces of his, now famous. He was speedily shown the door, and told that a firm devoted to the publication of literature of a high class could not trouble itself about such writings as his. This autumn Messrs. Harper have picked out of the magazines some six stories of Mr. Kipling's, without asking his permission or giving him an opportunity of revising them, and have printed them as a volume. They have sent Mr. Kipling a letter containing a bald announcement of the fact and the sum of £10, which has been promptly returned. The only side of literature that Messrs. Harper appear to understand at all is the commercial. When an author is unknown to fame, they, it would seem, content themselves with insulting him; when he is celebrated, they insult and rob him.

To this statement Messrs. Harper & Bros. sent "A Reply" under date of October 14, 1890, which is printed in the *Athenæum* of November 1, 1890, in the course of which they say:

The statements therein made are so at variance with the facts that we feel justified in assuming that they could not have been derived from Mr. Kipling himself.

The editor of the *Athenæum* subjoined to this communication a statement that:

Our information was derived from Mr. Kipling, who told us that the volume was published without his knowledge and much against his wishes.

One week later, in the issue of November 8, 1890, Mr. Kipling published "A Counter Reply" of nearly a column and a half in length in which he submitted the proofs of his complaint. The closing paragraphs are those that interest us. He says (italics mine):

Since Messrs. Harper & Bros. are so anxious to make clear to the English public that they possess a canon of commercial morality, it is hardly necessary to make clear both to public and *pirate* that the purchase of advance sheets of five stories does not confer the right of hastily hawking those five stories (and one other thrown in to make bulk) up and down the States in the shape of an unedited, unrevised, unfinished, disorderly abortion of botch-work.

The real trouble, of course, is not with this or that particular *picaroon* across the water. *The high seas of literature are unprotected, and those who traffic on them must run their chance of being plundered.* If Messrs. Harper & Bros. had not taken my stories, some other long or short firm would have done so. Only, a pretentiously moral *pirate* is rather more irritating than the genuine *Paul Jones*.

On November 22, 1890, the *Athenæum* published a joint letter of Walter Besant, William Black, and Thomas Hardy, dated November 17, 1890, in which is this paragraph:

It is no part of our purpose to express an opinion upon this case. But it seems a clear duty to us, who have experienced honourable treatment from this firm, to enter a protest against the sweeping condemnation passed upon them in the paragraph in question [*i. e.*, the literary note published in the issue of October 4.] This paragraph does not take the form of a communication by a contributor singly responsible for his own opinion, but it carries the whole weight and authority of the greatest literary journal in the country.

A fortnight later, in the *Athenæum* of December 6, 1890, without note or comment, Mr. Kipling published "The Rhyme of the Three Captains." In the light of the correspondence preceding, the ballad has some very illuminating allusions:

. . . At the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the *Three Great Captains lay.*
And one was *Admiral of the North from Solway Firth to Skye,*
And one was *Lord of the Wessex coast* and all the lands thereby,
And one was *Master of the Thames from Limehouse to Blackwall,*
And he was Chaplain of the Fleet—the stoutest of them all.
Their good guns guarded the great grey sides that were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain *trading-brig* with news of a *privateer.*
Her rigging was rough with the crusted drift that drives in a Northern breeze,
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that spawns in the *Eastern seas.*
Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right she rolled,
And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared at an *empty* hold.
"I ha' paid Port dues for your Law," quoth he, "and where is the Law ye boast
If I sail unscathed from a *heathen* port to be *robbed on a Christian coast?*"

Who are the "Three Captains"?

And one was Admiral of the North from Solway Firth to Skye,

Surely the allusion is to William Black, the novelist of the North Country.

And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the lands thereby,

No other than the author of "Wessex Tales," who has made Wessex a Hardyshire as truly as the English Lake Country has been called Wordsworthshire. And certainly the late Sir Walter Besant, the novelist of London life, and author of a history of London, is aptly called "Master of the Thames." What was the name of the "certain trading brig"? and who was the "privateer"? The controversial correspondence outlined above surely contains the answer.

The keenness of the allusion is significant throughout the rest of the poem:

I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a sail might fare
Till I met with a *lime-washed Yankee brig* that rode off Finisterre.
There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports to screen the weight he bore,
And the signals ran for a *merchantman* from *Sandy Hook* to the Nore.
He would not fly the Rovers' flag—the bloody or the black,
But now he floated the *Gridiron* and now he flaunted the Jack.
My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-house patch his fore.
He has borrowed them both in the name of trade and sold them on the shore.

. . . . . .

And the Captains Three called courteously from deck to scuttle-butt:
"Good sir, *we ha' dealt with that merchantman* or ever your teeth were cut.
Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law it standeth thus:
He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he never has boarded us.
We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar—we know that his price is fair,
And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law as he rides off Finisterre."

. . . . . .

The skipper called to the tall taffrail: "And what is that to me?
Did ever you hear of a Yankee brig that rifled a Seventy-three?
Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I lift like a ship o' the Line?
He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry such craft as mine."

The next lines—the reader is asked to mark the fact—bear a remarkable parallel to Mr. Kipling's stinging prose in his letter in the *Athenæum* of November 8:

The skipper bit on a little word, and the word it was not sweet,
For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to the Fleet.
By three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering flags began:—
"We have heard a tale of a — foreign sail, *but he is a merchantman.*"
The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore by the Great Horn Spoon,
" 'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless my *picaroon!*"

It is evident that Mr. Kipling really has in mind the "high seas of literature" and not the natural ocean. Note the unusual word "picaroon," identical in both prose and verse, and the reference to Paul Jones in the letter, which gave Mr. Kipling room in after years, when the fires of indignation had died down, to say that "This ballad *appears* to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious *Paul Jones.*" Verily "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" *is* "founded on fact." But the "facts" are far otherwise than the superficial reader would surmise.

But apart from the internal evidence as to the real bearing of the ballad, there is one other significant bit of evidence. In the index to the *Athenæum*, Vol. II, 1890, we read:

Kipling (Mr. Rudyard) and Messrs. Harper Brothers, 452, 547, 585, 627, 701, 776, 816.

Page 776 contains nothing but "The Rhyme of the Three Captains." Evidently the editor of the *Athenæum* knew the real application of the poem, for otherwise the connection would be singular.

There remain two or three details to be noticed. I have compared the original text with the version in the volume of "Collected Verse," and some of the changes in the revised version are not without interest. In the original, the word "skipper" is printed throughout with a capital S, a touch of personal significance. Again, two lines have been altered on page 223. The revised couplet reads:

My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-house patch his *boats;*
He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle for shoe-peg oats.

The line "Had I had guns," etc., in the original reads: "If I had guns," etc. In the original version Walter Besant is called "Chaplain of the Fleet, the stoutest of them all," instead of "*Captain . . . the bravest,*" etc.; "*crusted* drift" is in place of "clotted drift." "The skipper bit on a *little* word" instead of "a deep-sea word." Finally, in the last line of the poem as printed in the volume, Mr. Kipling has disguised, if he has not softened, the allusion. The original reads:

Shall dip their flag to a *pirate's* rag—to show that his trade is fair.

In the revised version the word "pirate's" has been changed to "slaver's," which seems weak, and without relation to the sense of the whole ballad.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

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Correspondence

THE QUESTION OF SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nothing is more clear to the observer of current politics than the approaching success that will crown a long period of persistent agitation for the extension of the franchise to women. Rising in the East, on theoretical grounds, the demand was first conceded in the Western States, where the binding force of tradition was lower than elsewhere in the Union. The logical propriety of the concession has made the cause hopeful, reduced positive opposition, and left the movement with only that obstruction to meet that comes from the force of habit and the immobility of institutions. But, once started, as a fact with six States ready to try it, it is likely to complete the conquest of the United States before the first women voters have forgotten their original sensations on casting their first ballots.

It has more than once been pointed out that the opponents of woman suffrage are tongue-tied. The arguments in favor of it are clearly voiced and loudly stated. They evoke no articulate contradiction, yet their speakers often show an irritation because neither conviction nor rebuttal is produced by their efforts. It is worth while for the advocates to consider whether in this silence there may not be room for reflection.

It may be admitted at once that the present drift of politics favors the extension of the franchise to every sentient being who desires it. It is unfair to deprive any rational adult of a share in his own Government. It is unwise to make martyrs of any considerable element of the population. The evils invited by an extension of the franchise are smaller than those entailed by the closure of this social safety valve.

But those things which provoke the silence that refuses to give consent in this case arise from a fear that the suffragists have mistaken the inclination of their sex, and have over-estimated the significance of their reform.

In some future day society may be entirely reorganized, but as it stands now the women who support themselves by "gainful occupation," as the census calls it, are mostly young. Pleasure and spending-money are often their objects. Even when they are self-dependent they rarely rise to positions of independent responsibility, but accept a boss and a wage as servants, clerks, factory hands, or teachers, and look forward to graduation into matrimony. No one ever advanced a theory of political salvation based upon the votes of men of similar age. The women who are mature are mostly married, and pledged to a trade in which their most vigorous years are devoted to the home and the family. Their highest good, as the race sees it, consists in each getting for her own children the largest possible share of life and its fulness. Their work and their responsibility cannot be delegated, and no public activity that shifts their primary interest can be undertaken by them. They rarely associate on a competitive basis with other persons of their own standing and maturity. They are the custodians of the race, but they must forever lack, in our society, that education that comes from friction against one's fellow-men, and that constitutes the best training of mankind for citizenship.

Neither of the great classes of young women who earn, or mature women who serve at home, provides its pro rata of the voices that are raised for the suffrage. After these two classes are subtracted from the female population, there remains a third class, proportionally small, of independent, mature women—the women who are potentially the best citizens. These, to secure suffrage for themselves, advocate it for all their sex, regardless of the burden it will impose or the service it will render. These make most of the noise, and are enabled to do so by the labors of some one else. Some accident of inheritance, or success of present supporter, has removed from them the need to carry a share of the chores of feminine existence. Few can name more than a handful of women who, having themselves earned an independence, are devoting it to the cause. For this handful, it must be conceded that no office is too high and no right too generous.

The value placed upon suffrage by its advocates compels the student of institutions to question the complete capacity of even the leaders of the feminist agitation. After allowing for all the factors of strife and exaggeration essential to a propaganda there remains behind the movement the assumption that the evils of to-day would not exist if women voted. Too often their arguments seem to imply that women are so much more intelligent, honest, and virtuous than the men whom they have trained that the faults of masculine government will be swept away at once. Nothing but a belief in the reality of such reform could justify the virulent speech and lawless conduct of the most militant of the reformers. Yet were all women the civic equals of the small class of independent women, there are grave doubts whether they would outrank the men in any virtues save those which sex has fastened upon them. They are not trained to the honesty that is the backbone of masculine business. Contractual relations and compromise do not enter into their daily routine. In public and in private they are more interested in carrying the point than in doing abstract justice. That the mass of women are now, or are likely in the near future to be, the civic equals of their husbands and brothers, it is impossible to believe. Civic virtue does not come from a clean heart alone. It comes from a first-hand knowledge of the workings of social forces. Mankind cannot be preached into an advance; it can be led there only by tolerant fellowship that can operate as readily in the barber-shop, the cigar-shop, and the saloon as in the church or on the platform.

The sober reflections occasioned by the progress of the suffragette do not inspire to formal argument. It is too late to argue the matter now. But no suffrage worker should convince herself—or himself—that lack of opposition proves the complete acceptance of the contention. The capacity of women is not in question; in an intellectual way they can do anything that men can do. The inclination of most of them will, in our civilization, keep them from being a political motive force. Even were they otherwise inclined, they do not differ enough from the men to change the aspect of government greatly. But whatever their capacity, inclination, or influence, we are in for woman suffrage, and we shall have to see it through. We shall get from it a few notable women of whose services we are now deprived. But we shall inflate the electorate with a body of voters even less socially inclined than our men; and with the women, as with the men, our political salvation will depend on the fact that though most will be indifferent, uninformed, and unwise, they will fall into two equal camps and neutralize themselves. Leadership and growth will continue to depend on the efforts of a handful of self-sacrificing men and women, and the race will blunder along only as rapidly as these can prod it, nag it, and direct it.

Frederic L. Paxson.

Madison, Wis., January 16.

RESEARCH AND ALTRUISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The vigorous and well-expressed ideas of your correspondent from Baltimore in "An Undergraduate View" (*Nation*, January 18) deserve careful reading and attention, and will doubtless command them. His moral strictures on the selfishness of the acquisition of knowledge for itself alone (as it may appear to the less learned) may perhaps be briefly dismissed as being for the most part what Kiplingesque undergraduates are wont to call "fat piffle." As a considerable part of every day in the life of an ordinarily intelligent human being is almost perforce spent in the acquisition, deliberately or unconsciously, of some sort of knowledge, human society is not likely to suffer if a small part of its members deliberately choose to disregard what appears to them trivial in favor of that which appears to them to exercise the higher functions of their rational faculties. I seem to detect, indeed, a certain weakening of the principle of altruism in his complaint about "research" as the means by which "success and prominence" are attained. Ought a real altruist to measure his own success by his "prominence"? The vast majority of teachers' positions in this country do not require proved ability in research as a qualification in their would-be incumbents. We are not such fools as all that. The field of real success in the profession of teaching is not by any means closed to the ambitious young altruist sketched by your correspondent, even if he does not feel the zest for research. And even the salaries of school positions of the better sort are quite as large as those attainable in colleges and universities. There is a margin in them for occasional opera tickets for the first gallery. Nor does it appear in general an utterly reprehensible thing that he who chooses a teacher's career must definitely forego the hope of high money rewards. In the face of the present-day tendency to measure all "success and prominence" by returns in hard cash, it is something to have a career offered that recognizes a different ideal.

In the course of my observation as (I must confess it) a now tolerably aged college instructor in classics, I have often been tempted to lament the moderate intellectual ability and the lack of strong personality in many of the young people who intended to follow the profession of teaching. But when I have deliberately sat down

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SOCIAL climbing in various aspects is a more frequent dramatic motive in this country than elsewhere, perhaps because with our unfixed conditions it affects more people and more kinds of people. It has to be expertly pictured, though, or it becomes tiresome. Even jokes about new millionaires eating with their knives have lost their novelty and the malapropisms of their wives have to be decidedly off-color to rouse even a faint smile. Therefore "Elevating a Husband," in which Mr. Louis Mann made a praiseworthy attempt to get away from the limitations of dialect comedy, failed to strike anyone as being a new or entertaining proposition. Its humor was based on the old theme and even that was not humorously set forth. The play also contained a cheap appeal to the "mother" sentiment which our melodramatic stage long ago robbed of its power to open the tear-ducts or excite the horny-handed to applause.

The elevator in "Elevating a Husband" seems to be stuck between floors, with no prospect of being able to lift the box-office receipts at the Liberty Theatre. *Metcalfe.*

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor—"The Red Widow." Mr. Raymond Hitchcock's fun the principal feature of a diverting musical show.

Belasco—"The Return of Peter Grimm." Mr. David Warfield and good company in interesting drama dealing with the doings of a disembodied spirit.

The Optimist: THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION. I DON'T HAVE TO FOOT THIS COAL BILL.

Artist's Wife: OH! HAVE YOU COME FOR THE RENT? WELL, I'M SORRY, BUT MY HUSBAND HAS JUST GONE OUT

Casino—"Sumurun." Extremely interesting and novel Arabian Nights play done without words and with unusual scenic effects.

Century—"The Garden of Allah." Elaborate stage pictures impressively done as adjunct to an interesting drama.

Cohan's—"The Little Millionaire." Musical show, mostly Cohan, and therefore smart and not refined.

Comedy—"Bunty Pulls the Strings." Delightfully acted and very funny Scotch satirical comedy.

Criterion—"White Magic," with Gertrude Elliott. See above.

Daly's—"The Rose of Panama." Unusually good music and a stupid book, with a not extraordinary cast.

Empire—Revival of the polite English comedy, "Cousin Kate," and a new turn by Ethel Barrymore which will be noticed later.

Fulton—"Making Good." Notice later.

Gaiety—"Officer 666." See above.

Globe—"Over the River." Amusing musical show with Mr. Eddie Foy and the very latest things in the way of dances.

Harris—"The Talker." Clever and timely play, mostly comedy but incidentally teaching a lesson without preaching.

Herald Square—"The Million." Laughable and thoroughly innocuous French farce.

Hippodrome—The big stage pictures of "Around the World" backed up by ballet and water spectacle.

Hudson—"The Return from Jerusalem." Combination of the French triangle and French anti-Semitism, with Mme. Simone at better advantage than hitherto. Not an extremely valuable combination.

Broadway—The reincarnation of the old Weber and Fields company. Notice later.

Knickerbocker—"Kismet." Interesting drama drawn from "The Arabian Nights," and brilliantly staged, with good company headed by Mr. Otis Skinner.

Lyceum—Margaret Anglin in "Lydia Gilmore." Notice later.

Lyric—"Little Boy Blue." Extremely agreeable musical show well done and with some novel features.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Bird of Paradise." An interesting and unusual drama with Hawaii picturesquely reproduced as a scenic background.

Park—"The Quaker Girl." Charming musical show of the London type with pleasant music and dainty presentation.

Playhouse—"Bought and Paid For." Contemporary drama well staged and combining fun and pathos.

Republic—"The Woman." An absorbing play with its scenes and characters drawn from corrupt political life in Washington.

Thirty-ninth Street—"A Butterfly on the Wheel." English society and the way it handles its divorce scandals in private life and in an impressive reproduction of an English court.

Wallack's—Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli." Pleasant play of the Victorian era and artistic delineation of the British minister.

Winter Garden—Diverting vaudeville and extravaganza, with Annette Kellermann and Russian dancers as the important features.

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An X-Rayed Eagle

THE Bird of Liberty has had a misadventure. And while it is perhaps a mean trick to tell on it, still, the joke is altogether too good to keep. And then, too, when one remembers what airs the creature has always given itself; how it has alternately screamed to attract attention and simpered when it got it; how it has posed and postured and preened its feathers and denied its biological relationship to all ordinary birds; there is no denying that it has long "had it coming to it." Moreover, it would not be fair to the interests of natural history to hush the matter up. For it seems that the Eagle, thinking for the thousandth time to have its picture taken in the usual way, recently blundered into an X-ray laboratory run by a young experimenter named A. M. Simons, and, under the impression that he was a fashionable photographer, sat for its radiograph. The eye-opening result is published under the title of "Social Forces in American History" (Macmillan, $1.50).

American History, like other infant phenomenons, has always been an inveterate hand for having its picture taken. It has had its portrait done in every conceivable medium, from sweet oils to dry point. It has sat to all kinds of artists in all sorts of costumes. Many of us remember, for instance, when it was habitually represented as leaning against a cherry tree, draped in Patrick Henry's orations, with the Boston Tea Party curled up at its feet, pet dog fashion, with one paw on the Declaration of Independence. Later on, carefully swathed in pink fleshings, it flirted coyly with the Altogether. Latterly, it has rather prided itself on being photographed in a harsh cross-light and refusing to have the negatives retouched. The resulting wrinkles, it felt, showed character. So it said to Mr. Simons, "No flattering, now. Take me just as I am." The operator looked a bit puzzled, but said, "Sure. Don't you worry." "Is my hat on straight?" said the sitter. "Won't show," said Simons, as he closed the door of the cabinet and turned on the current. And it doesn't.

Mr. Simons's book is literally a skeleton history of the United States. For it seeks to set before us, assembled, articulated and mounted, the bare, and at first sight often unlovely, economic bones that support the flesh of that fair and familiar body. It traces the progressive improvements in our facilities of production and transportation—the industrial bases of society. It marks the social classes successively brought into prominence by these changes. It outlines the struggles of these classes for power and notes the ideas and ideals for which, as often as not, they thought they were contending. It shows how each victorious class in turn has used the power of government for its own ends and created a society after its own image. And, finally, having drawn the converging lines of these social forces, it points out the inescapably socialistic trend of their direction. It contains an amazingly succinct statement of the results of a complex and far-reaching historical analysis. It forces us to look from an unwonted and often an undreamed of angle at the most familiar incidents of history. And it has either the refreshing ability or the insufferable impudence—just as you choose to regard it—to give you alertly to think in almost every paragraph.

THERE are sartorial souls for whom the feathers make the bird, to whom bones at best are gruesome reminders of the inevitable, and who prefer to have their minds massaged than actively to exercise them. To these one confidently commends "The Tariff in Our Times" (Macmillan, $1.50), by Ida M. Tarbell. Here is a detailed narrative of the tariff

Confidential Book Guide

The Fool in Christ, by Gerhart Hauptmann. The story of a German peasant's religious obsession, by means of which the author offers us a wonderful interpretation of the spirit of Christ.

Christopher, by Richard Pryce. A tale of the seventies, and after. Full of quality, leisure, and the possibility of keen yet unhurried enjoyment.

George Bernard Shaw, by Archibald Henderson. An interesting modern example of "inspired" writing, in which the author plays the part of mediating prophet between the inscrutable G. B. S. and the curious public.

Hail and Farewell, by George Moore. The first (and thoroughly delightful) volume of a projected trilogy, dealing, fiction-wise, with certain Irish experiences of the writer's.

Jennie Gerhart, by Theodore Dreiser. The comprehending story of a discredited life. A fine "naturalistic" novel in spite of occasional crudities.

The Log of the Easy Way, by John L. Matthews. The account of a honeymoon houseboat trip down the Mississippi River.

The Money-Moon, by Jeffery Farnol. A love-lorn American millionaire's adventures in a rural-English Arcadia. Nice, but squashy.

My Story, by Tom L. Johnson. The adventures of another kind of American millionaire as Mayor of Cleveland, and fighter of Privilege. Nice, but bracing.

Peter and Wendy, by J. M. Barry. A duck of a book, that reads as though you had confided to Mr. Barry that you'd never seen "Peter Pan" and asked him to tell you the story.

The Playboy of the Western World, by J. M. Synge. A charming comedy—if you do not take it personally; the dialogue of which is full of humor, human nature, and palpitant verbal beauty.

Rebellion, by Joseph Medill Paterson. A Catholic working girl's struggle between duty to a drunken husband and the desire for divorce. A tale both lively and alive.

Social Forces in American History, by A. M. Simons. See above.

The Tariff in Our Times, by Ida M. Tarbell. See above.

Touring in 1600, by E. S. Bates. An interesting account, from contemporary sources, of the modes of transportation and kinds of accommodation, the fashionable routes and likely incidents, of European travel at that date.

Travels in the Confederation, 1783-4, by Johann David Schoepf. The diary of an ex-army surgeon who visited the middle and southern states at the close of the Revolution.

The Two-Gun Man, by Charles Alden Seltzer. A "cowboy romance" of more than average merit. Good characters. Well constructed, and told with individuality.

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to compare them with others, I have been compelled to admit that they did not fall by any means below the average intelligence and character of the students whom I had seen attain "success and prominence" in other walks of life.

Now a few words about that painful subject of "research." I cannot help the suspicion that the young altruist depicted by your correspondent has an envious and designing eye upon one of the university chairs held by worthy old gentlemen like me, who show no hopeful signs of relinquishing them, even under the dulcet attractions of Mr. Carnegie's benefaction for the speedier creation of vacancies. Let me regretfully assure your altruist that neither altruism nor personality is a satisfactory substitute for knowledge, though they may exist amicably alongside of knowledge, and even conjoined with it. That last clause is meant to contain for him the element of hope. I have always believed it possible—I still believe it possible—for a man to be a ripe, and fine, and even a great scholar and teacher, who has never printed a word. But I can hardly conceive that a man with the ability and the zeal for learning could make any great progress in that field without spying a dozen directions in which his mind would be irresistibly tempted to essay the penetration of the yet unknown. The "research test," so far as there is such a test for positions of "prominence," such as the undergraduate's altruistic soul longs for, is after all in its purpose only a rough-and-ready test of the zeal for learning. And the zeal for teaching, and for "success and prominence," without the zeal for learning, is likely to be a ludicrous failure.

A somewhat extended acquaintance with members of college faculties in this country had tended to confirm rather than weaken my judgment that the ability and personality of the large majority of these gentlemen were such as would have ensured their attainment of equivalent "success and prominence" in whatever other employments they might have chosen. Your correspondent sternly, and no doubt sadly, thinks far otherwise. It is surely hard for us to see ourselves as the sapient undergraduate sees us.

E. T. M.

University of Chicago, January 30.

SOLARIO'S PORTRAIT OF BENTIVOGLIO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interest which attaches to the beautiful portrait of Bentivoglio by Solario, lately acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts from England, is further increased by a recent discovery made in Italy. In the collection of paintings belonging to Signore Andrea Monga in Verona is a picture, which, to judge from photographs, is identical with that in Boston except for a few details, such as the window in the background, which is not so high in the Verona picture as in the Boston one and therefore better proportioned. This and other small differences favor the supposition that the picture in Verona is superior to that in Boston. The Andrea Monga Gallery, which comprises six hundred paintings, was formed about a hundred years ago, and has been inaccessible for forty years. After the recent death of the last owner the collection passed into the possession of the city of Verona, but it will probably remain inaccessible for some time, since there is at present no room for its exhibition, and since most of the pictures are in a bad condition and will have to be cleaned. I was fortunate enough to obtain permission from the city authorities to examine this collection, and am therefore in the position to give a provisional opinion as to the importance and the artistic value of the portrait of Bentivoglio in Verona. The surface is overpainted, and covered with thick, dull varnish, which completely covers the original color, so that the picture has the appearance of a copy, perhaps of late date. But this opinion is not shared by Veronese art critics. As regards the question of authenticity, we have to reckon with the possibility that more than one portrait of a famous man like Bentivoglio may well have been ordered from the same painter. And though the painters of the Renaissance as a rule let their assistants make the replicas of their pictures, they occasionally executed them with their own hands.

J. Paul Richter.

London, January 15.

STATISTICS OF THE LAW'S DELAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 1 appears an editorial entitled, "Our Criminal Machinery." In it reference is made to the delays in the Wolter case, which you denounce as scandalous. It may perhaps interest your readers to know how long a time, upon an average, is consumed in disposing of appeals in cases of murder in the first degree in this State. The writer presents some figures taken from the volumes of the reports. He began in 1900. The first case is taken from Vol. 160 N. Y. Reports. The figures include the latest murder cases reported in the Advance Parts. The time runs from the date of the judgment of conviction to the date when the case was disposed of by the Court of Appeals. The subsequent period, preceding the execution, is not considered. Six weeks is the usual period.

The periods of delay are given by months. Fractions of months are disregarded; so that the figures approximate only:

Period of delay:	No. of cases.
6 months or less	11
6 to 9 months	12
10 months	11
11 months	5
12 months	13
13 months	7
14 months	6
15 months	6
16 months	5
17 months	3
18 months	5
19 months	3
20 months (including Wolter)	7
21 months	2
22 months	4
23 months	3
24 months	7
25 months (Benham)	1
27 months (Hinksman)	1
28 months (Meyer)	1
29 months (Egnor, Bonier)	2
32 months (Cascone)	1
34 months ((Sexton)	1
38 months (Patrick)	1
47 months (Smith)	1
Total	119

It will thus be perceived that out of 119 appeals only 39 were disposed of within a year. Only 9 appeals out of the 119 required more than two years.

This letter merely presents conditions as they are, without comment, and without any attempt to suggest a remedy. R. C. T.

New York City, February 2.

A DEFINITION OF POETRY

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers of poetry are ever seeking a definition of the calling of the poet, and never finding just what they seek. The following definition, by Mr. Frederic Harrison, is the most satisfactory I have ever seen:

The true business of a poet is to enshrine fine thoughts in exquisite melodies ("Autobiographic Memoirs," Vol. II, p. 107).

Alfales Young.

Salt Lake City, Utah, January 24.

Literature

RECENT VERSE.

The Anteroom and Other Poems. By William Hervey Woods. Baltimore: Printed for the Author. $1.35.

Cloth of Frieze. By Mary Eleanor Roberts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Sailor Who Has Sailed and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Inn of Dreams. By Lady Alfred Douglas. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The City of the Soul. By Lord Alfred Douglas. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Helen of Troy and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Songs of Courage and Other Poems. By Bertha F. Gordon. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.

Poems. By Harriet McEwen Kimball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

The Ballad of the White Horse. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Dream of Alfred: An Epic of the Navy. By Wallace Bertram Nichols. London: David Nutt. 2s. net.

America the Beautiful and Other Poems. By Katherine Lee Bates. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.25 net.

The Upper Trail. By C. G. Blanden. Chicago: The Alderbrink Press.

With respect to their attitude towards life the poets have at all times been pretty uniformly divided. They have been deniers or affirmers; they have looked upon it either as a beautiful but specious illusion or else as the one tremendous and significant reality. On the one hand, like Mr. Woods in his sonnet, "Backgrounds," they are searching for the face behind the mask, the revelation that shall rip appearance like a curtain

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and disclose the apocalyptic vision behind the veil:

"The play, the play's the thing!" Lord Hamlet, no.
The peopled and illimitable night
Hath mightier ghosts than Denmark's, and the light
That limns the upturned face of Romeo
Paints half a world of faces in its glow;
Arden hath untold lovers hid from sight
To Rosalind, and many a willing sprite
Unknown, unsummoned, waits on Prospero.
What else is watching in the dark behind?
Who knows when legions, angel, ghost, or djinn,
Shall break from out the backgrounds vast that bind
Our cramped horizon, and o'errun the scene,
Or God himself crash on us mummers blind,
And play be done, and life, life, life begin!

To such as these what passes before the mere bodily eye seems, as in Miss Roberts's "At Tintagel," hardly less factitious and legendary than "the memory of some old tale twice told":

Here where the grass is wreathed with fairy rings,
There where the crumbling crenellations rise,
I see dim shapes of half-forgotten kings
And queens with starry eyes.

The shouts of strong, exultant men I hear,
The ring of harness on the causeway-stone,
The clash of arms comes faintly to the ear,
And bugle-horns are blown.

What profits it, the ancient tale oft told
Of love or tournament or bloody fight?
If Guinevere's deep hair were royal gold,
Or Yseult's hands were white?

Dead, dead are they, and gone with all their train,
Dead, dead are they, or haply never were;
Perchance the phantoms of the misty brain
Of some old chronicler.

And yet the moan of the remembering sea,
The ancient winds, like pardoners to shrive,
Repeat their names. Ah! no; not they but we,
Have never been alive.

On the other hand, there are the natures thirsty for experience—those who are drunken with the vitality, animation, and movement of existence—who sing like Mr. Low in his "Vigil at Arms":

It was but lately that a child I came
First upon life:—
Loving spring flowers, gentle, without blame,
Knowing not strife:
The world was old ere battles bloomed for me;
Boyhood was dreams, and swooning minstrelsy;
I wandered all alone and wandered free
Where dreams are rife.

But all at once the silver-crested surge
Ceased to be cloud,
And thundered over me; I felt the scourge
And sting, and bowed
Under the brine, until half-dead, I lay
Forespent upon the sand; and from that day,
Triumphant-tongued, the fury of the fray
Calls me aloud.

Let priestly pardoners still shrive the world,
White and aloof;
Mine be the battle-flame, the fear unfurled—
The storming hoof;
Let me be mingled with a maze of blows;
Hard-pressed to live, heart mad, beset with foes,
Or, lance in rest, ride down the lists' enclose
To peril's proof.

Differences of shading there may be; but the ground color, the general tone of poetry, is determined by one or the other of these two moods, the reflective or the active. Is life a mere appearance, a show, a painted cloth before the truth, then were it hardly worth the pains. It were better far, in the words of Lady Alfred Douglas, to fall asleep—

In some great embroidered bed,
With soft pillows for my head.
I am weary, let me sleep. . . .
Petals of sweet roses shed
All around a perfumed heap
White as pearls, and ruby red;
Curtains closely drawn to keep
Wings of darkness o'er me spread. . . .
I am weary, let me sleep
In some great embroidered bed.
Let me dream that I am dead,
Nevermore to wake and weep
In the future that I dread. . . .
For the ways of life are steep. . . .
I am weary, let me sleep.

At all events, it were as well to turn the attention elsewhere, to seek a less ambiguous, if minor, reality in things of one's own creating, in the cultivation of an art or in the construction of a single perfect sonnet, whose difficulties and satisfactions Lord Alfred Douglas celebrates in a sonnet of his own:

To see the moment holds a madrigal,
To find some cloistered place, some hermitage
For free devices, some deliberate cage
Wherein to keep wild thoughts like birds in thrall;
To eat sweet honey and to taste black gall,
To fight with form, to wrestle and to rage,
Till at the last upon the conquered page
The shadows of created Beauty fall.
This is the sonnet, this is all delight
Of every flower that blows in every Spring,
And all desire of every desert place;
This is the joy that fills a cloudy night
When, bursting from her misty following,
A perfect moon wins to an empty space.

On the contrary, if reality is to be judged by the intensity of sensation, if even the start and thrill of pain are evidence of life, then there is nothing so much to be dreaded as the cessation of that consciousness in which alone man exists. It is the horror of such obliteration, the loss of that one chance to know, which Miss Teasdale voices in her lines on "Fear":

I am afraid, oh I am so afraid!
The cold black fear is clutching me tonight
As long ago when they would take the light
And leave the little child who would have prayed,
Frozen and sleepless at the thought of death.
My heart that beats too fast will rest too soon;
I shall not know if it be night or noon—
Yet shall I struggle in the dark for breath?
Will no one fight the Terror for my sake,
The heavy darkness that no dawn will break?
How can they leave me in that dark alone,
Who loved the joy of light and warmth so much,
And thrilled so with the sense of sound and touch—
How can they shut me underneath a stone?

In the face of such a catastrophe there is one way of saving the dignity, or at least the pride, of human nature—to meet it with the self-assertiveness, if not the truculency, of "Prospice," the desperate elation of a sanguine spirit rioting for the last time in the exercise of its powers and draining intoxication from the very lees of life. So Miss Gordon, mindful or not of Browning, in her "Song at the Brink of Death":

Before I leap and lose myself below,
Give me one moment's look beyond the brink.
Volumes of fog, vast piles of rolling mists,
Make war upon each other like the waves.
I hear strong humming as of mighty winds,
And shock and crash, as if a myriad
Of toppling worlds were crushed and ground to dust.
And from their dissolution, whirling, rise
Sharp fumes and strange; and all the tingling air
Seems full of unseen thorns that prick and burn.
My soul is in my hand—I shall not fear.
Now shall I test the temper of that sword
That I have spent my life to weld and whet.
Through ills I dream not of, through agony
And ruin I shall cleave my fiery way.
The heart within me burns like glowing wine,
And as the husk of earth slips from my soul,
The thrill of dawning godhood stirs within.
I swing my sword, and with a cry I leap.

But better yet to think the horror clear away in something of the calm old Platonic fashion, of whose resignation the following sonnet by Miss Kimball is no unworthy modern expression:

Save that there may be one love-garnering breast
Will hold us unforgotten when we die,
From all the paths that most familiar lie
We shall be missed but few brief days at best.
Noteless as noiseless pass we to our rest;
Slip from the ear and tongue as from the eye.
Earth knows no break, no change to signify
Absence or loss; and Time and Nature, lest
In our behalf remonstrant they appear,
Make stealthy haste to blur and cover o'er
The stone's laborious lettering before
The yielding mound that settles year by year
Is levelled, and the place—our last place here—
That knew us once knows us indeed no more.

Such are the two moods of poetry today, as they have ever been; and they affect the poet's vision of the past as of the present. To the ardent temperament of a Mr. Chesterton the pageant of history is but another stimulus, another

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possible source of sensuous and emotional excitement. When he describes the political condition in Alfred's day, he does so with a provocativeness, an impressionism, which makes it swim before the exalted senses in a luminous mist of actuality:

For the end of the world was long ago,
When the ends of the world waxed free,
When Rome was sunk in a waste of slaves,
And the sun drowned in the sea.

When Cæsar's sun fell out of the sky,
And whoso hearkened right
Could only hear the plunging
Of the nations in the night.

When the ends of the earth came marching in
To torch and cresset gleam,
And the roads of the world that lead to Rome
Were filled with faces that moved like foam,
Like faces in a dream. . . .

And men brake out of the northern lands,
Enormous lands alone,
Where a spell is laid upon life and lust
And the rain is changed to a silver dust
And the sea to a great green stone. . .

And the cry of the palms and the purple moons,
Or the cry of the frost and foam,
Swept ever around an inmost place,
And the din of distant race on race
Cried and replied round Rome.

Nor is Mr. Nichols less affected by the same patriotic theme. As he sings the dream of Alfred, launching a puny fleet —forerunner of England's sea-power— against the Danes, and hymns the imperial mission of Great Britain, his voice is thick with the fulfilment of prophecy: he is not a dreamer, but a seer:

O windy-retinued, tempest-circleted sea!
By night and day we have watched thee shine and flash,
A mutinous Ophir of magnificent wrath;
And shall we not, in emulous anger, wreck
The black fleets of the poisonous tyrannies
Of this lust-opulent world, and break and crash
Upon the coasts of Wrong, and ruin her booms,
And sap her headlands? Was it not for this
Thine orb was placed within our hands by God,
O windy-retinued, tempest-circleted sea?

Hull-haunted, screw-swirled, traffic-cloven sea!
The tireless caravans of puissance fare
Across thy deserts, laden with the musk
Of wisdom and of culture, and the shawls
Of science, and precious oils, and healing herbs,
And Art's celestial attars—journeying on
Unto their Mecca, human brotherhood.
And we, their sheiks, the Apostles of Advance,
Must guard them when they dare thy perilous wastes,
Hull-haunted, screw-swirled, traffic-cloven sea!

Not so do the distant shapes of history appear to the contemplative imagination looking down the dwindling perspective of the past. Rather they seem like wisps of cloud on the horizon, images of transiency and change. For such minds the thought of Egypt and its vanished civilizations has always had an irresistible, perhaps a slightly uncanny fascination, which is reflected in Miss Bates's verses "To the Nile":

What myriad life through countless centuries
Hath sprung and faded on thy sparkling sands,
—Futile incertitudes and miseries,
Swift, printless feet, caressing vanished hands . . .

Grotesqueries and lethargies that lie
Huddled in pits or islanded in mud,
Clusters of uncouth hippopotami,
Grim crocodiles, the terrors of the flood . . .

Where are thy bestial gods oracular,
Hawk-headed Horus and the Apis Bull,
Ram, Vulture, Ape, divinities at jar
With all we dream of pure and beautiful? . . .

Thy stript, dishonored Pharaohs, vainly hid
In golden chambers mystically wrought
At musky heart of cliff or pyramid,
Impassive majesties, immortal thought,
Where are their caravans, with burdensome
Booty of ivory, cedar, fragrant gum?

Nor are Mr. Blanden's lines to a mummy in the British Museum conceived in a very different spirit, though it is the fatally ironic contrast between the changeless shell and the fugitive essence which is their immediate inspiration:

Daughter of Egypt, and perchance a queen,
How fragrantly she sleeps, and how serene,
Wrapt in the shroud of frankincense and myrrh—
A rose embalmed in essence of the rose.
Not all the roar of London waketh her,
Nor change, nor war disturbs her calm repose. . . .

Yet here doth lie the all of her that Death
Thought not to take. Ages ago her breath
Warmed these dry lips to song, yea, even now
Seems lingering near, so pleasant is her smile,
So placidly she sleeps, so calm her brow.
Oh, since she died how lonesomely the Nile
Hath poured his waters down to Ocean's shore,
As sad tears poured—and Memnon sings no more,
And that which Egypt was is but gigantic lore.

CURRENT FICTION.

Spanish Gold.—The Search Party.—Lalage's Lovers. By George A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

There is a pleasant theory that the literature of the English-speaking race is common property among all its members. Of books which have become classic or "standard" this is true enough. But as for current literature, it is oddly untrue of the very department in which one might look to find it a matter of course. One has only to look over the English reviews to note how few of the American novels of the hour—the pieces of home-made fiction which are being most widely read here —are noticed at all. We may console ourselves with the fact that there are novelists in England who have been writing successfully for years, and of whom we have never heard. This situation is due to a cautiousness which has been drilled into the publisher by long experience. What is sauce to the American goose is not always sauce to the British gander, or the reverse. So sensitive is the novel to variations of temperature on the two sides of the water, that it frequently shifts its title on the way over. And the publisher, who, after all, is a barometer, and not an arbiter of taste, knows that he cannot count upon the popularity on one shore of whatever may have found a cordial hearing on the other. The most that he can do is to watch his market and his commodity, and seize the fit hour when it comes. Hence the occasional phenomenon of a whole group of books by some author of whom we have never heard, thrust in a mass before our astonished gaze, with much trumpeting and acclaim on the part of the delighted sponsor.

Something of the sort happened not long ago in connection with our new-found Arnold Bennett; and the house which exploited many of Mr. Bennett's books now comes forward with another "scoop," as the invoice in question may be fairly called. The writer, George A. Birmingham, is Protestant rector of a little parish on the Irish coast, in the county of Connacht. He has written some half-dozen books, three of which are now issued here by the Doran Company. He has drawn his material freely from the nature and human nature about him: yet, says the publisher (with an accent of wonder), he has offended nobody. As his note is of broad though good-humored satire of the Irish temperament and springs of action, and as he is dealing with the race which has so recently taken offence at the New Irish movement, and which is now seeking to bring to naught certain Irish players on their way through this country, the feat would at first sight seem to be a remarkable one. But it is not really so. The Irish are quite content to be laughed at in the traditional way. The drunken figure with the pipe in its hat and the shillalah in its hand, on the way home from Donnybrook Fair, is a classic and even esteemed effigy, like that of John Bull or Uncle Sam. The risky thing is to take your Irishman seriously, and try to present him as he really is in the graver relations of life. It is then that he complains of misrepresentation.

Mr. Birmingham commits no such error. He returns as light-heartedly, and

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to all appearances as whole-heartedly, to the traditions of Lever and Lover, as if the mystical and reverend Celt had never been revived. The authors of "Experiences of an Irish R.M." may have given him courage for this ingenuous procedure, but we suspect that he did not need the gift. And in the Rev. Mr. Melldon, Curate of Ballymoy, he presents a picaresque figure without parallel in the lively chronicles of the ladies Summerville and Ross. The whole situation is a trifle odd from the American point of view. Here, if a parson writes a novel, we expect it to be a sermon more or less in disguise, and if he chooses a parson for his hero, we expect to hear a good deal about his spiritual troubles and triumphs. If the Rev. James Melldon of Ballymoy has any religious experiences, we are not bothered with them. He is as jolly and irresponsible a member of society as if he had never worn what he calls "a dog-collar." His joy is unconfined, and he makes of "Spanish Gold" a thing of delight. He also figures in "The Simpkins Plot," which has not yet been issued here. The absurd adventures which make up the first-named fantasia are paralleled in "The Search Party," where a young physician plays the part of Mr. Melldon, with somewhat inferior zest and spontaneity. "Lalage's Lovers," the most lately-written of the three books, is amusing enough, but its humor lacks the free swing of the other tales. Its title is a misnomer—"Lalage's Pranks" would have come nearer the fact. The scene is laid in Ireland, but might have been in England almost as well. Lalage is a young girl of independent temper who fancies herself a reformer. As a grown-up *enfant terrible* she makes a stir in various high places, and is duly tamed by marriage. She is of the type which would be called "Middle Western" in this country—an amusing or distressing type according as one chances to have a stomach for it. We suspect that Mr. Birmingham's danger is that he may become a professional humorist.

The Bauble. By Richard Barry. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

A book which might be dismissed as ridiculous if it were not also a little disgusting. Its faults have nothing in particular to do with its theme, which is the application of the woman suffrage theory to a particular case. Given a woman of twenty-three with a normal husband and baby, and an abnormal desire to possess them utterly and selfishly, and you have material enough for domestic excursions and alarums, wars and rumors of war, without calling in the aid of the suffragette motive. But the heroine of the present story, and all the rest of the alleged persons therein, are absurd dolls who are put through various antics, dull for the most part, but reaching now and then a level of indecency which gives them a certain chance with a certain audience. It is hard to understand why reputable publishers should permit themselves to issue so-called novels of this paltry type.

Christopher. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This work of an author well-established in England but new to American readers is like the novel of similar title by Romain Rolland, in throwing plot to the winds and prearranging a series of moments in the hero's development for which events are patently created as the necessity arises. It is the progress of the soul for which this English author is concerned ("Christopher," as he repeatedly states, "was destined to have new impressions" at this point or other); and as this soul is highly romantic and in large measure fashions its own external world, why should one compel it to emerge from anything so objective as a plot?

So be it. Mr. Pryce admits the reader, outdoing M. Rolland by a day, to Christopher's life just before birth. A posthumous child, possessed of a charming mother and a notable nurse, of two adoring aunts and two wealthy grandmothers, clearly he is not to undergo that purification by poverty, such as was thought a necessity for the little Christopher of the Rhine town. His very young life is passed in the English colony at Boulogne in the seventies, with the war in the immediate background. Though quiet, the place is full of variety and wonder for the sensitive little boy. All children are poets and philosophers, and Christopher is a rare child; beauty is in his soul. We see him tilting in its behalf with a child's only half-revealed motives—battles of devotion, often to lost causes. Expectancy and trust make life wondrous fair, philosophy unifies the universe. This first half of the book has great charm, and the realness of the child justifies the author's method.

After hesitations Christopher's mother, Mrs. Herrick, remarries to a man of upright character, who had become entangled with a Mrs. St. Jemison of dubious repute; and Christopher goes to boarding school, to Oxford, then travels for two years, and settles in rooms in London, bent on a writer's career. The reader is hurried towards the final test—Christopher's love for the daughter of Mrs. St. Jemison, his angel in white, his Laura:

Benedetto sia il giorno, il mese, e l'anno!

He is still the romantic, the poet, but the author has lost grip on him. Utterances of his childhood, which seemed natural even when precocious, are replaced by love-making which never could be on land or sea or in the romantic's heaven. When the great disillusion comes, and the shallow character of the mother reveals itself in the daughter, pathos is absent, because it is clear that the tragedy is an unembodied theme. Other characters in the story Mr. Pryce has kept well sustained. The philosophizing of Trimmer, the nurse, is rare fun; Mrs. Herrick, senior, the dowager of Herrickswood, has the keen iron nature known so well to the mid-Victorians; Christopher's mother is utterly real, oddly through the sheer faultlessness of her breeding.

ONE ASPECT OF GOETHE.

Goethe and his Woman Friends. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

"Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten!" Yes, all are here, from the obscure Gretchen of Goethe's boyhood to the somewhat nebulous Ulrike v. Levetzow of his declining years. Not only are the poet's love-affairs analyzed, but also his relations to his mother and sister, to Fräulein v. Klettenberg, to the two Weimar duchesses, and even to Barbara Schulthess of Zurich. For the first time the reader who knows only his English or has not access to a well-stocked Goethe-library, will be able to study Goethe from this side. Yet, after all, the question will obtrude itself: Is such study worth the while? Is it even sound psychology to detach this single fibre of a highly complex organism and scrutinize it under the microscope? Our author's purpose is praiseworthy, she wishes to clear away certain shadows and misrepresentations which have gathered round Goethe's fame. Her sympathy is keen, her industry is unflagging. Besides, she is entitled to the distinction of being the first woman to champion the poet against the field. Yet, to our way of thinking, such a method of defence can never be truly effective. To understand Goethe one must study him in his entirety. He was a myriad-minded, myriad-mooded mortal, vitally interested in everything that makes up humanity. As a great poet his sympathies were quickly stirred, his passion was strong. His will, however, was still stronger. Hand in hand with his loves and friendships go his studies in literature and the drama, in history, art, architecture, music, botany, anatomy, mineralogy, finance. All are inextricably intertwined. To disengage Goethe the lover is impossible. In proof there is "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Professedly, the work is nothing but the autobiography of its author's boyhood and youth. Yet those who have studied it from cover to cover will admit that in their reading they have been forced to try to know a little at least of everything. True, love flits through

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the pages, but only in kaleidoscopic mutability.

Besides, we are not persuaded that our author has learned the real Goethe secret, without which one is bound to err. At page 3 we read, in comment upon Goethe's witty little sketch of himself: "And it may as well be added at once that he always valued his paternal heritage [the serious conduct of life] less highly than the gift of writing and the 'philosophy of a cheerful life' which was his mother's dower." No, emphatically no! The poet characterized himself on another occasion as one who had taken life hard. The German is more graphic: "Einer, der sich das Leben hat sauer werden lassen." With the exception possibly of the first wild weeks in Weimar, there was never a time in his long life when he did not—in weariness—break off from so-called pleasure and plunge resolutely into something difficult and of abiding profit. In truth, his extraordinary relation to Karl August, what is it but a continuous story of "des Lebens ernstes Führen"? On this point the memorable poem "Ilmenau" is conclusive.

Further, we doubt whether our author is sufficiently conversant with the *ancien régime* from which Goethe sprang. Yet without a profound knowledge of it one cannot hope to estimate Goethe's general sanity. On the one hand was unscrupulous libertinism, on the other what we should call sentimental gush. Between this Scylla and Charybdis the poet steered a pretty steady middle course. At times unwise, even sinful, his errors were of the healthy sort to which most creeds extend a measure of tolerance. Our advice is: Neither condemn the poet nor seek to justify him, but take him as he was and make the best of him.

Still further, our author seems to find it difficult to keep in mind the shifting in Goethe's social status. For example, at p. 92, she writes: "Inasmuch as he was the son of an important Frankfort citizen his position was almost that of a nobleman, as compared with hers [Frederika's]." This will never do. When in all the history of Germany was there such an *Abstand* between a mere *studiosus juris*, the son of a humdrum retired lawyer, and the daughter of a respectable country parson? As a set-off, we know that Lili's family looked upon Goethe askance as not of their "set," and that Weimar society in the early days was anything but affable to the *bourgeois*.

Of the seventeen chapters, these four have pleased us best: Goethe's Sister Cornelia, The Friend with the Beautiful Soul, Lili, Frau Aja. Of course, such an estimate is purely subjective; each reader will judge for himself. At any rate, we must protest against the heading of the Sesenheim chapter: Goethe and his Beatrice. The picture in "Dichtung und Wahrheit" is truly idyllic, but not a trait in it suggests Dante and Beatrice. The glorified Italian woman led her worshipping lover through the mysteries of Paradise; whereas Frederika, the gentle, ingenuous country maiden, led nobody, least of all Goethe; she merely listened and followed. The chapter on Frau v. Stein is tiresome, though that is scarcely the fault of the author, rather of the subject. The author hits the nail on the head, when she asserts, p. 189, that Frau v. Stein "was not really a woman of great intelligence." One must even have the courage of one's convictions. We of the twentieth century can detect in Charlotte's diathesis a tinge of the morbid; her unquestioned spiritual delicacy was a bit hectic. Strange that Goethe should have remained blind to the fact so long, while his mother, far away in Frankfort, detected it almost from the start. In this chapter there is one grave technical blemish. Goethe's letter of June 1, 1789, the letter which provoked the rupture, is given at pp. 207-9. In the original the *du* form is preserved throughout. What warrant, then, for skipping from 'thou' to 'you' and back to 'thou' in the translation? And, p. 209, the phrase: "When he was able to get perspective on the matter," is poor English.

Among minor blemishes we note, p. 184, *konnt*, for *könnt*, a misprint which blurs the sense. For Casterta, p. 268, read Caserta, the name of a well-known Italian town. In four places, pp. 265, 273, 275, 278, the proper name Reiffenstein is printed Rieffenstein. At p. 57, the translation runs: "Every love has its collecteana; and I would sooner that rejected brass tokens were again collected than scattered thoughts." This utterance will assuredly be cryptic to every reader without the original. To begin with, the German language recognizes the word *collectanea*, but not *collecteana*. Then, Goethe wrote, with his customary directness: To every love there belongs *Sammlung* [a shrewd play on the double meaning "collection" and "composure"] and I would rather gather up scattered coins than scattered thoughts. In the note to p. 316, the date January 12, 1801, must be a slip for 1807. Uncorrected, the note implies that Goethe's son August achieved the feat of tossing off seventeen glasses of champagne at a sitting, when barely eleven years old. Add six years and the feat becomes a sad possibility. One unfamiliar with German affairs will be somewhat mystified by the account, p. 254, of the dinner in honor of Frau Aja. Why should the host be referred to as "Prince," "Abbé," and "Primate," and who was he? One needs to be informed that the host was the Prince Archbishop of Mainz, the oldest see in Germany. Whether he was Primate, as the Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of England, may be questioned. In 1806, Regensburg was to the fore. We regret that the book contains so many illustrations by Kaulbach, for that artist's treatment is irremediably coarse. It merits a reversed Johnsonian epitaph: *Quod tetigit, non ornavit.*

Colonial Currency Reprints, 1682-1751. With an Introduction and Notes by Andrew McFarland Davis. Vols. II-IV. Boston: Prince Society.

With the issue of the fourth volume, this notable series of reprints, comprising more than sixty colonial publications on currency, is completed. As a contribution to economic history it stands unique, the nearest approach to it being the discussion that led to and followed the "Bullion Report" of 1810. The economy of New England, unhampered by institutions of guild and landed restrictions, and the directness and comparative simplicity of its commerce, gave a clearer definition to the efforts to procure a reasonable medium of exchange than could be found elsewhere; and the commercial interests and complications led to a very wide experience in those efforts. In the beginnings of a problem ventures are apt to end in failure, and especially when directed by private interests. Yet the ventures are interesting in themselves, and in spite of disaster are continually recurring under new conditions and in new phases. The currency question is still before us, and in those earlier experiments may be found the essential problems that still wait to be successfully solved.

From this point of view these volumes offer a full picture of the growing need for a medium, the pressure on the individual, the appeal to the State, and the consequent struggle between public and private interests, between debtors and creditors, and between honest payment of debts and the application of a sponge to all or to a part of the obligation. The need arose from expenses incurred in military expeditions having land-hunger for a basis. The debts thus created led to the issue of paper promises to pay, and then the wish to evade payment followed. Once having had a taste of paper issues the simplicity of deferring payment appealed strongly to those who needed relief from debts, and it was an easy transition from the payment of public indebtedness with bills of credit, to issues by private organizations for the relief of the unfortunate in land and commerce.

This is the story that is told in Mr. Davis's volumes, and no aspect of the question escapes consideration. Merchant, farmer, citizen, and magistrate offer their opinions in confusing multiplicity, and some of the writers were of prominence in provincial affairs, capable of speaking with authority. The labor of identifying the writers alone con-

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stituted a difficulty, which the editor has solved very successfully. But the chronological arrangement develops the extent and the strength of the discussion, and the liberal extracts from the journals of the time add much to the popular understanding of the merits of the matters at issue. The notes of the editor are bibliographical as well as explanatory, and the student cannot go astray while threading his way through the discussion. The experience was complete, extending from the first inception to the final redemption in specie, and was conducted upon a scale equalled in no other part of the British colonies in the eighteenth century. The volumes are as necessary to the historian as to the economist, and the illustrations offer a convenient aid to the bibliographer.

Truth and Reality: An Introduction to the Theory of Knowledge. By John Elof Boodin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

It is symptomatic of the weariness with which philosophy is beginning to regard its long-time inclusion within the circle of mere experience that several recent ventures have adopted the name of realism, to which, however, the "pragmatic realism" of the present writer has perhaps the best claim. Pragmatic realism is an endeavor to justify both the right of the subject to measure reality by his meanings and the right of reality to an existence (though not necessarily a meaning) of its own. The situation confronting the writer, who is professor of philosophy at Kansas and a graduate of Harvard, is apparently made up of the radical empiricism of James and the absolute idealism of Royce. As against Royce he denies that reality is necessarily intelligent; and his relation to pragmatism and radical empiricism one might venture to state in terms of his title: for pragmatism truth is the whole of reality, for the writer it is simply one version. Unfortunately, however, in the matter of pragmatism, one must qualify either as a pragmatist or as a "misunderstander"; and in the meantime the writer prefers to effect his combination by making his own definitions both of pragmatism and of realism. From the chapter on What Pragmatism Is and Is Not it should seem that pragmatism is—anything, indeed, that would serve to recommend it. Here he is true to the spirit of the doctrine; but, on the other hand, it seems that what pragmatism is not is precisely coextensive with all that has been claimed for it. Even usefulness is rejected as a logical criterion; and the general effect is to transform a position which we supposed to be somewhat proudly indifferent to external authority into a rather servile deference to fact. Realism suffers somewhat less at the writer's hands, but, in order to forestall Professor Royce, he boldly affirms that the real things are not indifferent to our ideas, though they may be lacking in any meaning of their own. How, then, can they respond to our meanings, so as to serve as material for truth? The writer replies by suggesting a "pre-existent fitness for truth" (p. 121), though rejecting a preëstablished harmony (p. 253). Altogether, it must be said that the relation of the two terms of the problem is left very much in the air. The writer is evidently more interested in setting forth his views than in justifying them, or refuting the opposing views, by closely reasoned argument. Had he come to close quarters with his conceptions, he might have discovered, perhaps, that in a region of rather high criticism he was still operating with an uncritical psychology, in which the facts are assumed to be once for all given independently of the action of ideas.

The book is nevertheless a serious attempt in a direction which calls for some courage; and not altogether a fruitless attempt. Loosely put together, it is still full of suggestive material, especially in the chapters dealing with realism. The style is personal and frank, and pleasing if not always skilful. The undergraduate, for whom it is to be an "introduction," will only open his mouth and wonder—at least after the middle of the book—but the maturer student of philosophy will read it with relish. "Pragmatic realism" has not yet been shown to be a contradiction in terms; let us hope that Professor Boodin may still get them adjusted.

Notes

The Oxford University Press is about to issue a work on copyright, by G. S. Robertson, written in the light of the new Act.

Dr. William Hirsch's "Religion und Civilisation vom Standpunkte des Psychiaters," has been rewritten in English and will be brought out at once by the Truth Seeker Co., New York.

In the list of forthcoming books of McBride, Nast & Co., New York, we note: "Träumerei," by Leona Dalrymple; "The Second Deluge," by Garrett P. Serviss; "Let's Make a Flower Garden," by Hanna Rion; "The Half-Timber House," by Allen W. Jackson, and "Andorra, the Hidden Republic," by Lewis Gaston Leary.

"The Return of Pierre," a novel by Donal Hamilton Haines, is in preparation by Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. James Devon has placed with John Lane Co. his new book, "The Criminal and the Community."

Some Oxford books in preparation by Frowde are: "Townsend's Poems and Masks," edited by E. K. Chambers; "A Manual of the Kashmiri Language," by G. A. Grierson; "Responsible Government in the Dominions," by A. B. Keith; "Tacitus' Histories," translated by W. H. Fyfe, and "Homeri Opera V (Hymnos Cyclum Fragmenta Margiten Batrachomyomachiam Vitas Continens)," edited by T. W. Allen.

The Century Co. is bringing out this month: "The Fighting Doctor," by Helen R. Martin, and Isabel Gordon Curtis's "The Woman from Wolverton," a story of Washington life.

Henry Sienkiewicz has a new book in the press of Little, Brown & Co., "In Desert and Wilderness." It deals with Africa at the time of the insurrection of the Mahdi, and is translated by Max A. Drezmal.

Scribners announce a series of essays, "Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?" by President Butler of Columbia. Other publications to be issued this month by the same house include: August Strindberg's dramas, "The Dream Play," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death," parts i and ii, translated by Edwin Bjorkman; "Fathers of Men," a story of English boarding-school life, by E. W. Hornung; "The Chink in the Armour," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; "Consul Assigned," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews; "It and Other Stories," by Gouverneur Morris; "Wide Courses," by James B. Connolly; "The Inn of Tranquility," a volume of essays, by John Galsworthy, and "Riding and Driving for Women," by Belle Beach.

Among the books which will be brought out shortly by Longmans, Green & Co. are: "The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman," based on his private journals and correspondence, by Wilfrid Ward, in two volumes; "George the Third and Charles Fox," the concluding part of "The American Revolution," by Sir George Otto Trevelyan; "Spiritual Progress: A Word of Good Cheer," by Rev. Arthur W. Robinson, with an introduction by the Bishop of London; "Love's Ascent: Considerations of Some Degrees of Spiritual Attainment" by Rev. Jesse Brett, and "The Passion of Christ: A Study in the Narratives, the Circumstances, and Some of the Doctrines Pertaining to the Trial and Death of our Divine Redeemer," by Rev. James S. Stone.

Books to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. on February 17 include: "The Heart of Us," by T. Russell Sullivan; "The Last Cruise of the Saginaw," by George H. Read; "The Luck of Rathcoole," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln; "The Egyptian Conception of Immortality," by George A. Reisner; "Harvard Essays on Classical Subjects," edited by Herbert W. Smyth, and "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's," by Grace Fallow Norton.

To the Dictionary of National Biography, a new supplement will shortly be added by Smith & Elder, under the editorship of Sir Sidney Lee. It will include mention of persons who died between the death of Queen Victoria (January 22, 1901) and the end of 1911.

"The Power of Tolerance," by George Harvey (Harper), is a collection of speeches that have been made in the last half-dozen years, and a narrative that originally appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. They are all readable, and some of them are much more than that. Two of the more pretentious addresses are the first, which gives its name to the collection, and the one entitled "Journalism and the Uni-

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versity," which was the 1908 Bromley lecture at Yale. Not the least interesting feature of the volume is the variety of occasions covered by the speeches. A reader wonders what freak of publishing policy is responsible for the use of the title of the initial address as a running title throughout the volume. The top of each right-hand page at least might have contained the title of the particular speech represented upon it, with an obvious gain in accuracy and convenience of reference.

Much is contained in little space in Mrs. H. P. Clark's book on Auction Bridge (Dodd, Mead). The chief points of the game are concisely and clearly expressed, a real advantage to beginners who hesitate to wade through the many pages of text and illustrative hands of the usual work on bridge. The tyro will here find in few words all he needs to know about the game.

Ralph Nevill's "Floreat Etona" (Macmillan) is confessedly an anecdotal story of Eton College, but it is based on sound knowledge of the historical background, and carries its anecdotes as far back as the records go. Those who have in their blood the Eton traditions will no doubt read the book with avidity; to the outsider, it gives a clear picture of life at the most famous of the English public schools, with its changes and its strange preservation of the past. Mr. Nevill writes from the frankly Tory point of view, deploring the rising tide of innovation, yet in the matter of curriculum of studies, which is in reality intimately associated with his conservative ideal, he shows himself something of an opportunist. We commend the book as good reading. The illustrations, largely from private sources, are a distinct addition to the text.

"Trekking the Great Thirst" (Scribner), by Arnold W. Hodson, has interest and value for several reasons. It is the story told in a quite artless way by a police officer of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, of his arduous duties in the hot and thirsty wastes of the Great Kalahari Desert, now the least-known part of South Central Africa. These duties consisted of visits to the villages scattered over the wilderness for the collection of the hut tax, the settlement of disputes, and the maintenance of law and order. Then he also had to explore unknown regions and to report upon their suitability for cultivation or pasturage, to make roads and to designate the location of water pits in the "sea of sand-hills." This necessitated an almost continuous life in the trackless desert, where he was not infrequently in great danger of perishing from thirst. In one large district the natives and their cattle depend almost entirely upon melons for food and drink. On one of his first trips he was obliged to go with ox-wagons 110 miles across sand with no water supply on the way. For special service on the frontier during the Herrero war of 1904-5 he was commended both by the Germans and the British Foreign Office. The country abounds in game, and he gives a list of thirty varieties which he shot, sport being his chief recreation. His narrative is substantially a transcript of his reports to the resident commissioner, and so has much monotonous detail. But it shows a true interest in the natives and exceedingly tactful dealing with them, and contains some valuable information in regard to their customs. His interest in his work was so great and the lure of the Kalahari so strong that more than once on his return to civilization he confesses to a feeling of homesickness for "the wild desert country which had for so long a time been my home." The chapter descriptive of a hunting trip of Lord Selborne, high commissioner of South Africa, made under the guidance of Lieutenant Hodson, was written by Mr. Vaughan-Kirby, sportsman and author, who also contributes an account of a thrilling experience with a lioness. The eighty-five illustrations are largely of game, and there are four sketch-maps of routes across the desert.

There is much to commend in "Cuba and Her People of To-day" (L. C. Page & Co.). The author, Forbes Lindsay, knows the Cubans, their virtues and shortcomings, and seeks to create a better understanding on the part of Americans, who not only have a moral responsibility towards the republic, but are exploiting its people and their industries. He traces the island's history with special reference to its development, and analyzes conditions, both social and economic, as he finds them to-day. No people were more handicapped in their development, he thinks, and "what the Cuban seems to need more than anything else is to develop virility and hard common sense. . . . It is always to be remembered that he was freed from his swaddling clothes but yesterday. He never before had a chance to grow, to stretch his limbs, to think and act for himself."

In Mr. Lindsay's opinion, the economic condition of Cuba is unfavorable to the welfare of its population, because foreigners own 90 per cent. of all the land worth working. Little of the wealth created by foreign capital finds its way into the pockets of the negro or the guajiro (the white peasant squatter), who is, nevertheless, oppressed by taxation, while the professional politician waxes fat and lives in contentment. As a consequence, there is unrest, and Mr. Lindsay suggests a permanent protectorate on the part of the United States as the most effectual method of solving Cuba's difficulties. There are chapters on the tobacco and sugar industries, the agricultural and mineral resources; advice for prospective settlers, and a number of excellent illustrations.

Maurice Evan Hare has edited and the Clarendon Press has issued "The Rowley Poems of Thomas Chatterton." A paragraph from the Introduction will give the exact procedure in forming the text:

> This edition is a reprint of Tyrwhitt's third (1778) edition, which it follows page for page (except the glossary; see note on p. 291). The reference numbers in text and glossary, which are often wrong in 1778, have been corrected; line-numbers have been corrected when wrong, and added to one or two poems which are without them in 1778, and the text has been collated throughout with that of 1777 and corrected from it in many places where the 1778 printer was at fault. These corrections have been made silently; all other corrections and additions are indicated by footnotes enclosed in square brackets.

In the Glossary Mr. Hare has added the definition of a number of words which Tyrwhitt, not knowing Chatterton's use of the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, could not explain. Mr. Hare is moderate and sensible in his introductory remarks on Chatterton's act of forgery, finding it possible to treat the boy poet with tenderness without displaying any silly rancor towards Walpole. In his critical remarks he is not always so happy. He quotes, for instance, a stanza from "Ælla":

> See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
> Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
> Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
> Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude—

with the comment: "A better example than this of what is called the sublime could not be found." It is unfortunate that those who have wished to set forth the romantic charm of Chatterton (which at his best is indubitable) should so often fall into this kind of extravagance. We observe that in his bibliography Mr. Hare makes no mention (perhaps intentionally) of C. E. Russell's "Thomas Chatterton," Moffat, Yard & Co., 1908.

"Violette Montagu" (as the title page has it), or "Violette M. Montagu" (as the introduction is signed), has found it necessary to unearth "Sophie Dawes, Queen of Chantilly" (Lane). Sophie Dawes, better known as the Baronne de Feuchères, played in her day a scandalous part in the intimate history of the Orleans family. Her name, we believe, has not hitherto figured in English biographical literature, but the author was of the opinion that an authentic life of the "extraordinary woman who, for nearly twenty years, ruled over the mind and conscience of the unworthy descendant of the great Condé," ought to be no longer withheld. And thus she writes, and apparently has no difficulty in publishing, and, for aught we know, may find readers for, a detailed account of the misdeeds of an English adventuress of the lowest type, who became the mistress of the Duc de Bourbon and was tried on the charge of being accessory to his mysterious death, in 1830.

M. Bergson has not yet included in his system a general treatise on æsthetics; but he has at least emulated many philosophers since Hobbes's time in the attempt to reveal to us the essential nature of the ludicrous ("Laughter." The Macmillan Co.) His attempt is more penetrating than most of them, and perhaps more readable and more diverting than any previous book of the sort. But from the error in method characteristic of most of his precursors in the enterprise, M. Bergson has learned nothing; and his little volume has therefore much more of literary charm than of scientific value. The problem is one calling first of all for a wide and impartial induction of instances. Instead of this, we get an ingenious formula, suggested by the author's general philosophy, and then a selection of examples, chiefly from French comedies, in illustration of the formula—to which many of the examples are accommodated only by torturing interpretations. The book is thus an admirable exposition of a single aspect of the comic, and at the same time it is one long series of generalizations that will not bear a moment's comparison with the facts. M. Bergson's very first assertion, for example, is that "the comic does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly human." Has he, then, never seen a dachshund? Or does he think that when we laugh at a pun, we are always laughing at the author of it, and not at the

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verbal incongruity itself? His last contention, again, is that laughter is always a means of social correction and has in it a touch of asperity, if not of cruelty—that "sympathy is capable of entering into the impression of the comic" only fleetingly and "from a lapse in attention." Can it be that M. Bergson has never witnessed the admiring and adoring laughter of grown-ups at the delectable blunders of children—one of the great sources of natural laughter-supply of the race? In his translators, C. Brereton and F. Rothwell, the author has again been fortunate; their English is often as happy as M. Bergson's French. Occasionally, however, they miss a French idiom. "Le rire n'aurait donc rien de très bienveillant," for example, should not be rendered "So evidently there is nothing very benevolent in laughter"; it means: "So far, then, there should seem to be nothing very benevolent," etc. Apparently for the sake of stylistic effect, the closing sentence of the book is misleadingly "over-translated." Where the author says that one finds in laughter, as in sea-foani, "pour une petite quantité de matière une certaine dose d'amertume," the translators have written that one "may find that the substance is scanty and the after-taste bitter."

In "God in Evolution" (Longmans), Francis Howe Johnson, who twenty years ago in an essay entitled "What Is Reality?" suggested the application of the pragmatic method to the problems of theology, returns to the attempt to reconcile philosophy, science, and theology by means of pragmatism. Authority in pragmatic theology is based neither on the church nor on the Scriptures, but on human experience. The doctrine of evolution is the solvent by which the facts of experience are interpreted and made clear. Appealing to experience as revealed through evolution, the author examines such doctrines as the omnipotence and benevolence of God. The results are not in harmony with the tenets of any body of Christians. God, according to the new philosophy, is "beset with limitations." He is doubtless doing the best He can, but manifestly His works are not perfect, and it is better to recognize the limitations in Himself than in anything exterior. The losses in the surrender of the traditional views respecting the infinite attributes of God are recognized, but it is contended that there are advantages which more than compensate in the recognition of the "God of things as they are." The usual result of such pleas for harmony is the satisfaction of neither party to the dispute, and it may be that Mr. Johnson will fail to convince, either the scientist as to the religious implications of evolution, or the theologian as to his proposed modifications of religious doctrine. The difficulty with the pragmatist's appeal to the doctrines which work is that in this sad world no doctrines have yet worked sufficiently well to afford a basis of their sufficiency.

Edwin J. Clapp's treatise on "The Port of Hamburg" (Yale University Press) advocates a modernization of our ocean and Great Lakes terminals along the lines followed in Hamburg; and the author is equally convinced that, if river transportation in America is to be revived, it must be modelled on that of the Elbe and the Rhine. His main source of information is Wiedenfeld's standard work on "Die nordwesteuropäischen Welthäfen," but he has carried on independent investigations, and produced a valuable handbook, not too technical for the general reader, on the port facilities and the maritime commerce of Hamburg, with some sidelights on German waterways and railways generally. He highly lauds the dock system of Hamburg, as contrasted with that of London, Liverpool, and Antwerp. Mr. Clapp evidently identifies himself with the enthusiastic advocates of a great trans-oceanic Germany, as he quotes approvingly from Professor Schmoller's speech in 1899, as follows: "We must desire that, at any price, a German land with a German population of twenty to thirty millions shall arise in South Brazil in the course of the next century. It is indifferent whether it becomes an independent state, or whether it comes in close connection with our Empire." The movement of German emigration does not seem to bear out this prognostication.

Sir James MacPherson Lemoine died at his home in Quebec on Monday, aged eighty-seven. In 1897 he was knighted for his literary work, which includes books, in both English and French, mostly on the history of Canada. Among them are "L'Ornithologie du Canada," "Les Pêcheries du Canada," "Maple Leaves" (6 vols.), "The Scot in New France," "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," and "Monographies et esquisses."

The death is reported, in his seventy-second year, of Otto Liebmann, who up to last summer, when he resigned, was professor of philosophy at the University of Jena. He was the author of several important works: "Kant und die Epigonen," "Vier Monate vor Paris," the latter a diary kept during the Franco-Prussian War; "Analyse der Wirklichkeit," and "Gedanken und Tatsachen."

Prof. Salomon Lefmann, who died recently at the age of eighty, was professor of Sanskrit at the University of Heidelberg. At least two of his works deserve mention: "Lalita Vistara, übersetzt und erklärt" and "Geschichte des alten Indiens."

Maurice Maeterlinck is fortunate among contemporary men of letters in his apparent immunity from adverse criticism. Either the Belgian writer has been universally accepted, or else those who find in him no appeal choose to be silent. A rare exception is the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, who, in a trenchant paper in the *Nineteenth Century* entitled "Is M. Maeterlinck Critically Estimated?" handles the Belgian philosopher without gloves. We say the philosopher, because with Maeterlinck the poet and dramatist the Abbé has no quarrel. He does protest against the conception of Maeterlinck as a sage and a guide to life. Taking "Le Trésor des humbles" as the Belgian's most successful experiment in the field of speculative thought, our writer is chiefly impressed "by the pleasure M. Maeterlinck takes in stringing words together, and by his indifference to the development of the idea from which he originally started." In "La Sagesse et la destinée" we do find one idea which has been helpful to many discouraged souls, but it is not an original discovery. The notion that Destiny is only a word and that free-will can modify the so-called course of fate was long ago expressed in the French proverb, "Aide-toi, le Ciel t'aidera." The real cause of his popularity lies in "the snobbishness of the crowd—I mean the reading, not the working crowd." The success of his philosophical books is "of exactly the same order as the success of any second-rate novel or drama." His influence does not count with people who count.

By contrast with this vehement bit of depreciation we may mention a short paper by Randolph S. Bourne in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "The Mystic Turned Radical." Mr. Bourne finds that by long wandering in the field of semi-conscious sensations, Maeterlinck has attained a clarity of vision which, trained upon the social problems of the day, has made him the leading exponent of the rights of the inner man as against the scientific determinism of the times.

In the same number of the *Atlantic* Harriet Finlay-Johnson describes under the name "Education Dramatized" a scheme of pedagogics which suggests that a better title would have been "Education Anarchised." In the model school under consideration—Miss Johnson frankly places it in Utopia—work begins at no slavishly fixed hour. "Just as soon as we can race there, will be the correct time for us." When the teacher appears and says, "Now, *I'm* ready," the children bring forth specimens of flowers, weeds, leaves, grasses, and shells, and each child tells "exactly in its own way" what it has found and observed for itself. The elder children produce wooden ships of their own manufacture and a geography lesson begins. Objects in the classroom serve as mimic mountains, capes, and islands, and the children are frankly delighted "when they discover that the North end of the room is really the coldest end, because that makes it easy to call it the North Pole." By what system of internal heating and ventilation the teacher succeeds in producing extraordinary climatic differences within a small classroom is not stated. In the same way arithmetic is dramatized by setting the children to dance with each other, after assigning a number to each child and stipulating that the arithmetical sum of every couple must be 10. It is a striking anomaly of revolutionary educational thought of the day that with the progress of democracy and the vast increase in the number of children who must be trained, the methods being evolved should be increasingly complicated, deliberate, and costly. Jules Lemaître has remarked of the elaborate Rousseauan system of education that it is "simply and purely a dream of an education ultra-aristocratic."

Samuel McChord Crothers has a delightful paper in the *Century* on what he calls "The Obviousness of Dickens," from which one feels tempted to quote again and again. Dr. Crothers admits that the humor, the pathos, and the people in Dickens are obvious, but he begs to distinguish between the perception of the obvious, which is no great merit, and the creation of the obvious, which is genius. The writer confesses that like certain Mid-Victorian Lord Chancellors, he has wept over Little Nell. "Doubtless we ought not to have done so. Our excuse is that, at the time, we could not help it. We may make the further plea, common to all

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soft-hearted sinners, that if we hadn't wept other people would, so that no great harm was done after all." Obvious? Yes.

The man with the flamboyant necktie whom you saw on the 8:40 train may also be the author of a volume of exquisite lyrics; but you never saw the lyrics and you did see the necktie. In the scale of being the necktie may be the least important part of this good man's life, but it is the only thing about him which attracts attention. . . . We see things and infer persons to correspond. It is not the whole man, but it is all of him that is for us. In all this we are very Dickensy.

So Madame Bovary and Master Builder Solness are acutely analyzed; but the lady in the yellow curl-papers is unforgettable.

In the *World's Work* there is a brief appreciation of Selma Lagerlöf, who divides with August Strindberg first place among Swedish writers, and far out-distances that sombre man of talent in popular affection. Selma Lagerlöf's fairy tales and idylls have become part of the national culture and tradition.

Basil de Selincourt's apologia for Ruskin in the *Contemporary Review* concedes perhaps more than is necessary. The article deals almost entirely with Ruskin's defects of temper. Temper is the severest, the most searching test of a man's principles and Ruskin's "outbursts of denunciatory spleen are indeed deplorable." Nowadays we are apt to lay greater stress on service than on character, and great men are justified by what they did and not by what they were. Is there need for arguing so plaintively that even when Ruskin is vindictive, "his words vibrate with an intense realization of the dignity of the human soul, of the beauty of rectitude"?

Science

THE ANCIENT FEUD.

Science and Religion in Contemporary Philosophy. By Emile Boutroux. Translated by Jonathan Nield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It cannot be said that Mr. Nield's translation is in all respects fortunate. The English style is unattractive and occasionally lacking in lucidity. This, however, is not altogether Mr. Nield's fault. In Professor Boutroux's style one looks in vain for that lucidity and precision which usually characterize modern French writing, and most of the unfortunate qualities of the translation are but reflections from the original.

The book is a scholarly exposition and able criticism of the leading attempts made during the last century to end the conflict between science and religion, together with Professor Boutroux's own view as to the solution of the problem. In the early part of the last century, our author points out, there was a lull in the conflict; a temporary armistice was patched up on the basis of a division of the human functions, after the manner suggested by Schleiermacher. But in the fourth decade of the century the struggle broke out again and has been raging ever since. The account of this struggle, which fills most of the volume, falls into two parts, which expound respectively, "The Naturalistic Tendency" and "The Spiritualistic Tendency." Under the first heading Boutroux deals with Comte, Spencer, Haeckel, and what in the French original he calls "Psychologisme" and "Sociologisme." The expositions of the various doctrines concerned are usually excellent, and the hurried reader who wishes to know the point of view of the authors and schools here dealt with will find Boutroux's book a helpful and trustworthy time-saver.

The central weakness which our author finds in Comte's position is the inveterate incompatibility between the positivistic view and the recognition of man's religious needs. Comte seeks to retain both, but each tends inevitably to destroy the other. If the religious needs which Comte recognizes are to be satisfied, they carry man irresistibly beyond the barriers set up by positivism:

> Faith in the superior reality of an ideal object irreducible to whatever is given, yet capable of being impressed on the given, has produced the very heroes whom Auguste Comte so rightly honors; they are the saints of his calendar because they have not believed in his religion.

Herbert Spencer fares much better at our author's hands. In a sense, his philosophy may be called deeply religious. In fact a consistent working out of this philosophy would result in a much more positively religious view than Spencer ever admitted. "His Absolute is force, power, energy, the infinite, the source of consciousness, the common ground of the *ego* and the *non-ego*, that which transcends intelligence and personality. Having regard to such terms, can it be claimed that this Absolute is entirely unknowable; and if the predicates that Herbert Spencer has fearlessly attributed to it are legitimate, is it certain that these rudiments of knowledge are incapable of progress and development?" "If the Humanity (Grand-Etre) of Auguste Comte is an incomplete and unstable conception, seeing that man is, in essence, a being who goes beyond self, there is still greater reason why we cannot, with Herbert Spencer, place men in the presence of the Being whence all things proceed, and then tell them that they can neither understand nor depend upon this Being in the smallest degree."

The weakness of Comte's position reappears in an exaggerated form in the materialistic "Monism" of Haeckel. On the one hand, indeed, Haeckel's solution of the controversy between science and religion is beautifully simple—religion, namely, is altogether illusory and must eventually disappear before science. But, on the other hand, like Comte, Haeckel recognizes that there are certain perennial human demands, especially those represented by the words Truth, Beauty, Goodness, which are satisfied in part by religion and which science at present does not satisfy. This difficulty Haeckel seeks to avoid by the help of his monistic view of reality—a kind of panpsychic materialism. But as Boutroux points out, Haeckel is precluded from any such solution by his own fundamental view that the scientific method is the only method worthy of pursuit. If this is true, then "Monism" is as impossible as any other metaphysic—for a metaphysic it is, and one that can never be demonstrated by scientific method. And if there are other justifiable methods besides the scientific, then the other and more spiritual philosophies go unscathed by any criticism of Haeckel's. Moreover, it is as impossible to get the religious values which Haeckel recognizes out of his philosophy as it is to get his philosophy out of his science. It is certainly hard to see how materialistic monism can nourish our emotional nature or satisfy the ideal demands which religion serves. And if we are to put into our philosophy things justified by our emotional demands but not by our science, why should we stop with Haeckel's monism?

It is open war that Haeckel offers to religion in the name of science. But there is, in Boutroux's opinion, one foe to religion more dangerous and more virulent than even "Monism." This new foe may be called the "Science of Religion," taking sometimes the garb of psychology, sometimes that of sociology:

> In the religious fact is implied the idea of objects, of forces, of feelings, of states which cannot be reduced to ordinary phenomena, which cannot be explained according to the methods of science. It is in so far as they ignore or reject the scientific explicability of the elements of religion that men are religious; and religion has only been able to exist owing to the non-existence of a science dealing with the natural causes of the religious phenomenon. Contrary, then, to the other sciences, which leave standing the things that they explain, the one just mentioned has this remarkable property of destroying its object in the act of describing it, and of substituting itself for the facts in proportion as it analyses them.

The attempt to reduce religion to psychical phenomena which may be ordered according to regular laws so that they may be regarded as necessary, determined, and conceivably predictable is, in Boutroux's opinion, based upon a mistaken view of the human soul. If religion is really going to be explained by the facts of human consciousness, appeal must be made to consciousness as it is, in its full and complex richness of concrete actuality, not to a collection of manufactured "ideas," "laws," etc., invented by an artificial associationism. And if we view consciousness as it really is, and appeal to it, we shall find in it a fulness of life which is religion, and which is not explicable by any scientific categories. It may, indeed, be

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that religious phenomena are only subjective phenomena; but from this it does not follow that they are therefore in no way different from other phenomena or that the claims of religion are illusory. For the modern view of religion makes God immanent rather than transcendent and his relation to us an inner rather than an outer one. And the reason why psychology can find in religious phenomena nothing peculiar may be because it is impossible for psychology to take note of anything that does not fit into her categories. An intelligent electric light could never see a shadow; but shadows would exist none the less.

An interesting treatment of Ritschlianism begins part ii, the "Spiritual Tendency." Boutroux is not blind to the advantages of Ritschl's attempted divorce between religion and theology. If such a complete separation could indeed be brought about, there would seem to be little chance of conflict between science and religion. But, as a fact, Ritschlianism in its original form retains enough objective content to make it very open to the attacks of science; and its ideal of religion without any metaphysic, if actually attained, would make faith nothing but subjectivism without content. And even in this unobtrusive and non-militant form, faith would not be secure against the attacks of science; for since the days of Ritschl science in the form of psychology has begun the invasion of the inner world; and if religion is to remain secure even there, some more adequate defence must be found for her than that offered by Ritschlianism.

Some such defence may be obtained by taking advantage of the analysis of science made by such men as Poincaré, Duhem, etc. Boutroux gives a fair presentation of the position of these men, and accepts it with little qualification. Thus viewed, certain modern defenders of religion tell us, science is herself a kind of faith, and is limited both in her compass and in her deptn. Her objects are phenomena rather than reality, and her laws are hypothetical short-hand expressions of experience rather than expositions of the truth about an independent reality. Yet our author warns us against too great optimism even here. Though less dogmatic in her own claims than of old, science is no more ready than formerly to admit the claims of religion. Rather she will insist that if a thing is unknowable for her it is *à fortiori* unknowable for religion and every other discipline. And a solution of the problem on the basis of the limits of science will satisfy neither science nor religion.

Two more spiritualistic attempts at solution are now considered—the "Philosophy of Action" (as Boutroux calls a modification of pragmatism) and the appeal of William James to religious experience. These are taken up in turn and treated with a good deal of appreciation. In our author's opinion, however, neither of them is satisfactory to either science or religion.

Thus we are brought, in a somewhat bewildered state, to the "Conclusion." And the Conclusion does little to abate our bewilderment. In it Boutroux attempts to make clear his own solution of the problem, but unfortunately the skill he displayed in expounding other men's views seems to desert him when he starts to explain his own. Throughout this whole concluding chapter his thought wavers and winds, paragraphs follow each other with little logical connection, and one gets the impression that one is reading the jottings from a notebook rather than a careful presentation of a single line of thought. The gist of the conclusion is that the conflict is not so much between science and religion as between the scientific spirit and the religious spirit; that these two have to do with such different aspects of life and mind as to be almost incommensurable; and that therefore neither can nor should really destroy the other. This conclusion is based in part upon the modern view of the nature and limits of science—a view which, it will be remembered, our author in a previous chapter had affirmed was of little use in the solution of the conflict. This is an inconsistency which he, apparently, fails to notice, or at any rate nowhere attempts to explain. In contradistinction to the impersonal point of view which science maintains toward experience, religion takes the personal and subjective attitude. This is equally real and justifiable, and in the great religions it is broadened by looking at things not from the point of view of a single individual but from that of society as a whole. Further expositions of the meaning and nature of religion waver between identification of it with morality and the insistence in addition upon faith in some sort of supernatural and metaphysical sanction. It is therefore hard to see how our author would meet the dilemma: in so far as religion is unassailable by science, it is only morality; in so far as it is more than morality, it is still open to the attacks of science. Of course, it may be able to resist those attacks; but, be that as it may, Professor Boutroux's proposed treaty of peace would appear to be nothing more than an occasion for a renewal of hostilities.

In short, it does not seem likely that the age-long conflict will be ended by the appearance of this book. Boutroux's solution of it is open to the same double criticism that he makes upon the solutions of most of his predecessors—it will be acceptable neither to science nor to religion. But for all that, the work is a valuable presentation of an important question, earnest, judicial, scholarly, and helpful. And though its value lies chiefly in its criticisms, it will rank as a real contribution to what the author calls the "spiritualistic tendency."

Charles Gilbert Wheeler, the chemist and mining geologist, died last week in Chicago, aged seventy-five. He was born in London, Canada, graduated from Harvard in 1858, studied in foreign universities, and in 1868 was appointed professor of chemistry in the University of Chicago; at the time of his death he was the last survivor of the original faculty of the old university. He invented the Babcock chemical fire-extinguisher in 1869, and was geologist and interpreter—he spoke seven modern languages—on the Commission to examine the route of the Nicaraguan Canal in 1899. Several books in his particular subjects bear his name.

Dr. David Christison, whose death is announced from Edinburgh, was among the first to become interested in scientific archæology in Scotland. Besides numerous papers on the subject, he wrote "Early Fortifications in Scotland" and "The Prehistoric Forts of Scotland."

Drama and Music

EXOTIC PLAYS.

The current theatrical season has brought the American playwright face to face with a formidable Asiatic peril. If this were not a bad time for protective tariffs in general, our dramatists might well appeal to Congress for a heavy import duty on Oriental drama, with which the stage is in danger of being swamped. The beginning of 1912 in New York found no less than four plays of life in the distant and odorous East. "Sumurûn" and "Kismet" are straight out of the Arabian Nights. "The Garden of Allah" is North Africa. "Ben Hur"—this last, it is true, of native manufacture—is Syria and Palestine in Roman times. Add to this "The Arab," produced earlier in the season, the play of native life in Hawaii now running, "Madama Butterfly" at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the Russian dancers pretty nearly everywhere, and it is apparent that the playboys of the Eastern world are having things very much their own way with us at present. A play of Chinese life is announced for immediate production. A Japanese play, "Typhoon," has been given at the German theatre in this city. What other evocations of the East are before us, one can hardly say. The outlook is that very few corners of the Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Polynesian world will be left untouched before the fashion changes.

Some of the causes that have set this wave of Orientalism sweeping over Europe and this country are not difficult to trace. The underlying motive is the

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passion for novelty which makes itself felt in the theatre more powerfully than in any other form of art. Europe seems to have grown pretty tired of the romantic drama, the social drama, and the out-and-out sex drama in its familiar Occidental form. In this connection it is significant that "Sumurûn," the latest word in spectacular exoticism, should come from the man who was a pioneer in Germany of the intimate social drama, or *Kammerspiele*. In reaction against the painful realism of a few years ago we have the phantasy of the East. In reaction against the toy-theatre we have the elaborate spectacle. Probably, too, the decline of good acting enters into the problem. Scenery and costume-display strive to atone for the essential element in the pleasure of the theatre—impersonation. Above and beyond all this, one wonders how much is to be explained by the course of history in the East during the last few years. The average theatre-goer is not peculiarly interested in the progress of international politics. But the men who cater to the theatre-going public may very well have been attracted by the stir, the turmoil, and the clash of events in Japan, China, India, Persia, Egypt, Morocco, and Tripoli.

In our own case there is still another cause to be taken into account, and that is the widening scope of foreign travel among the well-to-do. People who once went to the Riviera now cross over to Algeria and Tangier, and Biskra is becoming as familiar as Nice and San Remo. Egypt has grown almost commonplace. People nowadays winter in India, Hawaii, and Manila. Frequent round-the-world excursions set out from Atlantic and Pacific ports. Here, then, is a considerable constituency to which the theatre offers an opportunity to revive the recollections and the atmosphere of the East. And there is, of course, the added advantage that the theatre allows the traveller to see, or at least pretends to let him see, the intimacies of that Oriental life of which he has caught only a hasty glance at the externals between two dips into Baedeker. The stage will always be more interesting than life, we presume, and the costumes in "Kismet" and "Sumurûn" are probably more Oriental to the ordinary eye than the crowds at Algiers or in Bombay.

There is a certain irony in the fact that a wave of Eastern invasion should have broken upon us just when patriotic theatrical criticism was celebrating the emancipation of the American theatre from the foreign yoke and the coming of the American dramatist into his own. Theorizing is always a little behind the facts in the theatre, as in every other field. The plays that have made their impress upon the present theatrical season, with a few exceptions, are the specimens of Eastern drama we have enumerated, plus such foreign products, or plays dealing with foreign subjects, as "Bunty," the Irish Players, and "Disraeli"—the last one, by the way, dealing with precisely the spot indicated by Mr. Kipling as the dividing point between Western and Eastern morals.

In this temporary retrogression of the drama of native life, there is no cause for fear or regret. In the field of the drama, as a branch of art, competition is not yet obsolete. There is no reason why we should prefer a third-rate American play by an American writer to a good play from abroad. We cannot help feeling that the young American playwright has gone in too much for the type of the times and the question of the hour. Captains of industry and political bosses have beset us in wearying succession. Trusts and the cost of living are serious problems, but a more serious and interesting problem is life. To the extent that our playwrights are dealing honestly with life they will need no protection against foreign competitors.

"The War God," by Israel Zangwill, is promised by Macmillan for this month. In it Bismarck, but lightly veiled, personifies War, and Tolstoy Peace.

William Watson's "Heralds of the Dawn," which John Lane Co. promises for March, is in four acts and is written mainly in blank verse.

The five or six small volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan) which have reached us give an adequate idea of what this edition when complete will be. From the mere announcement of the work it was all along clear that the general editors, Professors W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike, were concerned to choose competent assistants. Each play has a separate editor, save for "Romeo and Juliet," which the general editors themselves have done, presumably to indicate the method of treatment desired. As much of the best American scholarship is to be employed on the Tudor Shakespeare, one can confidently predict that glaring errors will be lacking, and that all the latest investigations on various phases of the subject will be referred to. To speak safely seems to be the main impulse of the editors, and the edition might properly have been called the Safe and Sane Shakespeare, even though that title implies some lack of inspiration. True, the size of the volume—slightly larger than that of the little Temple Shakespeare—leaves small room for flourishes, even if they were desirable. An introduction of about ten pages goes over the usual matters of Text, Date of Composition, Sources of the Plot, Style, etc. In the examplar put out by the general editors, the last-named topic is finished off in fifteen lines. It occurs to us that even a compact introduction might have done more with the style of "Romeo and Juliet." Each play is followed by very brief notes and a very brief glossary. In appearance the volumes, inside and outside, are most agreeable. We have thus far received, besides the "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VI," part i, edited by Louise Pound; "Henry IV," part i, edited by Frank Wadleigh Chandler; "As You Like It," edited by Martha Hale Shackford; "Henry V," edited by Lewis F. Mott; "The Merchant of Venice," edited by Harry Morgan Ayres, and "Macbeth," edited by Arthur C. L. Brown. The price is thirty-five cents net the volume.

"Lydia Gilmore," the latest stage work of Henry Arthur Jones, now to be seen in the Lyceum Theatre and described on the programme as a "new and original play," belongs to the class of "pot-boilers." It is, however, superior to the majority of its kind in workmanship and invention. The object of it is two-fold—first, to furnish as many theatrical thrills, old and new, as possible within a given space for the delectation of the crowd, and, secondly, to supply Margaret Anglin, one of our most eloquent emotional actresses, with an abundance of harrowing situations. Unfortunately, in his efforts to pile up the agony, Mr. Jones has partly defeated his own purpose. His first act is a masterly bit of melodrama. The artificial nature of it is apparent only upon reflection. In action it is swift, plausible, and highly effective. The scene is the drawing-room of a country physician, Dr. Gilmore. There has been a dinner party, and one of the guests, James Stracey, a neighbor, is going to London after taking his wife home. Every one is cheerful for the doctor has just given his consent to the betrothal of his sister to an ardent young lover. Only the doctor is distraught because Mrs. Stracey, his secret mistress, has given him an assignation at her house after her husband's departure. Stracey has discovered this, and in saying good night discourses on the beauties of friendship. Presently Gilmore goes out, to see a patient as he says, bidding his wife, Lydia, not to sit up. But the latter has work to do for her little boy, a young scapegrace, who is responsible for the unexpected entrance of Richard Benham, K.C., an old lover of his mother. Benham avows a passion, which Lydia, as wife and mother, declares hopeless. He then retires, and almost immediately Gilmore returns, trembling and horror-stricken, to confess his intrigue with Mrs. Stracey and his murder, after a struggle, of her husband, who had been awaiting him. This is a most striking scene, cleverly imagined and vividly told, and ends the first act with an uncommonly effective climax. The second act, in which Lydia, for her child's sake, volunteers to perjure herself in order to prove an alibi for her husband, if necessary, is also strong and interesting, but after that what is meant to be the strength of the play proves its weakness. Lydia is compelled to tell the truth to Benham—who can disprove the alibi—and the latter, a famous lawyer, suddenly charged with the prosecution of Gilmore, who has been arrested, carefully instructs Lydia how to perjure herself to the best advantage, and pledges himself to aid her in his cross-examination. In the ensuing court scene this plot—which makes criminals of both hero and heroine—is successfully carried out, until an anonymous letter to the judge—a trick unworthy of Mr. Jones—causes Lydia to break down and betray herself in a fit of ungovernable hysteria. To crown all Gilmore commits suicide in order that Lydia and Benham may be united in the end. Rarely has Mr.

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Jones's zeal for situation made him guilty of so much extravagance or so much false sentiment. But it is only fair to add that his involved plot is woven with remarkable adroitness, that his situations are theatrically strong and much of his characterization lifelike. His judgment is more at fault than his workmanship. The piece, as a whole, is well acted, especially in the case of Miss Anglin, who plays Lydia with refinement, insight, and infinite variety of emotional expression. Her personal success was indisputable.

The cast for the coming production of "Oliver Twist," by Liebler & Co. has almost been completed. To the Bill Sykes of Lyn Harding, the Nancy of Constance Collier, and the Oliver of Marie Doro can be added the Mrs. Maylie of Susanna Sheldon, the Rose of Olive Wyndham, the Grimwig of Fuller Mellish, the Monke of Eric Blind, the Brownlow of Charles Harbury, and the Bumble of Frank Lyons. It may be doubted whether the revival of the so-called dramatization of his works—against which he used to rail furiously—is the best way of showing reverence for the memory of Dickens; but no doubt "Oliver Twist" will attract crowds. Young playgoers will go to see it in order to gratify their curiosity, and the elders for the sake of a renewal of old memories. Some of the latter have not yet forgotten the hideous and thrilling terrors of J. W. Wallack's Fagin in the condemned cell, or the ferocious savagery of Davenport's Bill Sykes. It is strange how few actors have won enduring fame in the characters of Dickens, considering the number, variety, and vitality of them. The Cap'n Cuttle of Florence and Burton, the Caleb of Owens and Joe Jefferson, the Micawber of G. F. Rowe, the Pinch of E. S. Willard, the Jingle of Irving, still live in the memory as possessing somewhat of the individuality bestowed upon the originals by their creator; but the vast majority of the thousands of Dickens impersonations long ago passed into oblivion.

John Cort has purchased a new three-act play of American life, entitled "Ransomed," by Theodore Burt Sayre and Cleveland Rogers. He will produce it early next season.

Frank Curzon and Marie Tempest will soon take charge of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in London. They will begin operations with a new play by Anthony Wharton, author of "Irene Wycherly." The new work is said to be of a much more cheerful character. It is called "At the Barn," and is said to contain an excellent part for Miss Tempest. Evidently the lady is of the opinion, or she would have allowed somebody else to produce the piece.

Charles Kenyon, who has established a considerable reputation in the English provinces, has taken a lease of the Little Theatre in London, and will produce there "The Blindness of Virtue," an adaptation by Cosmo Hamilton of his own novel of that name. This is a thesis play, of an "advanced" character, dealing with the education of girls and the responsibilities of mothers.

Cyril Maude is going to revive Capt. Marshall's "The Second in Command" at the Playhouse in London.

Arthur Chudleigh has produced a new play by R. C. Carton at the London Comedy Theatre. It is called "The Bear Leaders." The two principal characters, to be played by Miss Compton and Edmund Gwenn, are supposed to be prominent figures in the world of fashion, who, with the view of eking out a tenuous income, undertake the instruction of youthful members of the aristocracy. In other words, they charge themselves with the task of licking society cubs into shape. Among those confided to their care is a youthful couple, boy and girl, and it is with the development and ultimate fate of the pair that Mr. Carton's story is concerned.

Florence St. John, whose death is announced from London, was a capable and statuesque performer, whose artistic capacity was not in full proportion to the great popularity which she enjoyed for many years upon the English stage. Her maiden name was Florence Grieg, and she was born in Devonshire fifty-seven years ago. She was married early in life and afterward to the well-known actor M. Marius (Duplany). She attracted the attention of H. B. Farnie and Alexander Henderson, who engaged her for London, where she acted and sang with success in "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Madame Favart," and "Olivette." Her prosperity endured for many years. Some of her chief successes were made in "The Great Mogul," "Faust Up to Date," "Carmen Up to Date," "Little Christopher Columbus," "The Grand Duchess," etc. In later years she acted in comedy.

A composition of especial interest will be on the programme of the fourth subscription concert of the Kneisel Quartet at the Hotel Astor on the evening of February 13—the Quintet in B minor for two violins, viola, 'cello, and clarinet, op. 115. It is one of the four chamber works by Brahms in which the clarinet is employed. Leon Le Roy, clarinetist, will assist the Quartet.

At the second subscription concert of the MacDowell chorus in Carnegie Hall on February 12, the entire Philharmonic Orchestra will take part, and the soloists will be Maggie Teyte and George Harris, jr. The programme will comprise short contrasting numbers intended to represent the modern French school. A special feature will be the first American performance of excerpts from Debussy's "Le Martyr de St. Sebastien."

If the present rumors about a season of French opera at the Century Theatre prove to be true, there will be much rejoicing among its lovers, who are many, and who, since the closing of the Manhattan Opera House, have been longing to hear favorite works of the French school more frequently. With such artists as Mary Garden, Maggie Teyte, Maurice Renaud, Charles Dalmores, Hector Dufranne, Gustave Huberdean, and others of lesser note, the venture would doubtless be a success.

The Bishop of London did not allow Handel to produce his oratorios as operas, but the Moody-Manners Opera Company has just obtained permission from the Lord Chamberlain to produce a dramatic version of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which, accordingly, is to be brought out with splendid scenery and costumes. The reverend Dr. Haweis used to maintain that all oratorios would be much more popular if given as operas.

The London Symphony Orchestra, which is to arrive in New York on April 8 for a series of concerts, under Arthur Nikisch, will in twenty-two days give twenty-two concerts, and travel 5,000 miles, as far West as Denver and North as Toronto and Montreal. The members will travel in a special train-de-luxe, on which not only will they sleep, but also do the necessary rehearsing.

Art

Dr. Hofstede de Groot of The Hague will publish shortly through Macmillan the fourth volume of his "Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century," translated and edited by Edward G. Hawke. It includes the paintings of Jacob von Ruisdael, Meindert Hobbema, Adriaan van der Velde, and Paulus Potter.

Among the books imported by Lemcke & Buechner are "Les Temples immergés de la Nubie; Debod bis Bab Kalabzche," a monograph in German, by G. Roeder, and "Miniaturen aus Handschriften der Königl, Hof und Staatsbibliothek München," issued by Dr. George Leidinger. The latter publication will begin with "Miniaturen des berühmten sogenannten Evangeliariums Kaiser Ottos III."

Many critics have attributed to Leonardo da Vinci a little Madonna in the collection of Mme. Bénois at St. Petersburg. Others have been repelled by the somewhat primitive aspect of this charming work. Sidney Colvin, in the *Burlington Magazine* for January, reproduces from a sheet of drawings by Leonardo in the British Museum no less than three composition studies for the Bénois picture. It is apparently one of the "two Virgin Maries" the beginning of which is noted on an Uffizi drawing dated 1478. The identification of this early Madonna reopens the whole problem of Leonardo's origins. Obviously the discovery tends to confirm the views of the late Eugène Müntz, who ascribed to Leonardo a considerable number of finer pieces of Verrocchian type.

"Sculpture in Spain" (Lane), by Albert F. Calvert, is an extended essay by the accomplished editor of the "Spanish Series," and contains 162 illustrations. The early period is treated topically—a chapter on architectural sculpture, another on tombs, on altarbacks, etc. This involves disconcerting leaps and retrogressions which may confuse the beginner. With the fifteenth century begins a more satisfactory arrangement by schools and artists. The survey ends with the seventeenth century. The book is rather a record than a criticism. Indeed, Mr. Calvert's comment is pretty well confined to running praise of Spanish polychromy and apologies for Spanish naturalism. It is not strange that he should somewhat exaggerate the æsthetic value of this art. His constant reminder that we must assume the standpoint of Spanish sensationalism will remind a thoughtful reader that the eulogy is after all relative and adjusted to Iberian latitudes. Though

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less comprehensive and thorough than Paul Lafond's. "La Sculpture espagnole," this book may better serve the need of the average reader. On page 74, Annunciation is printed where the corresponding plate shows Assumption is intended. It may be well to note here that the Hispanic Museum in this city contains fine examples of Spanish sculpture of the best periods.

The Egypt Exploration Fund is continuing its excavations at Abydos. Work has been carried on in the great cemeteries, and tombs of all periods have been opened. Among the most noteworthy is a magnificent example of a Roman tomb, which consisted of a vaulted chamber, about twenty feet in length, built of mud bricks and originally almost hidden in the sand. On its floor were found twelve heavy coffins of limestone, each with its cover carefully sealed. Inside each lay the mummy wrapped in linen bandages, the blue and gold of its painted coverings as brilliant as when first laid in the tomb. The fact that another similar tomb was built over it at a slightly later date had saved it from the plunderer. At another place in the cemetery was found the skeleton of a woman buried deep in the sand. She had evidently been buried decked in all her jewelry; on her wrists were bracelets of cowries and beads of cornelian; on her finger was a ring of five fine scarabs, one of which bears the cartouche of Sheshonk, a Shishak, the Egyptian King of the XXII Dynasty who sacked Jerusalem in the time of Rehoboam; under her head was found a mass of ornaments, scarabs, shells, pebbles, copper and iron rings, and various beads; and on the nose was a little silver nose-ring. Not far from this spot was discovered a more ancient burial, probably of the XII Dynasty. It consisted of the skeleton of a woman, with two alabaster vases placed near her head. Round her neck was a long necklace of beads, and at her left hand three scarabs, one a fine amethyst. These excavations have been carried on under the direction of T. E. Peet; on the arrival of the director, M. Naville, the scope of the work will be enlarged, and the clearing of the Osireion, the great underground temple of Mesneptah, will be begun.

John Garstang's excavations at Meros and Kabushia, in the Sudan, are making great progress. Three hundred natives, with a staff of trained Egyptians are employed, and a light railway and aerial cableway have been constructed for the removal of the excavated material. In the Royal City a large number of buildings have been revealed. The Palace near the Temple of Ammon, which has now been cleared, contains more than forty chambers and a large court. On the foundations important reliefs have been found.

Charles Gifford Dyer, a painter, whose death is reported from Munich, had lived abroad for about twenty years. He dwelt formerly in Chicago, where eleven years ago he exhibited a collection of his paintings.

The death is reported from Brussels of Henri Hymans, aged seventy-five. At various times he was connected officially with the Bibliothèque Royale and the Beaux-Arts of Brussels, and with the department of art at Antwerp Academy. Numerous contributions to art periodicals, a book on Rubens, several lives in the "Biographie Nationale," started by the Belgian Academy, "Villes d'art célèbres," the last on Ghent and Tournai, are among his works.

Finance

THE BUSINESS WORLD AS DICKENS DREW IT.

The centenary of Charles Dickens yesterday was of interest to people in the walks of finance for one particular reason—that Dickens included the domain of business and banking in his narratives, with results which were somewhat curious. As a rule novelists who have taken practical finance as the background of their stories made a pretty poor fist of it. Opinion differs as to why this should be—whether because the narrator is treading unfamiliar ground and therefore verging on the grotesque in character and incident, or because the practical affairs of trade do not adapt themselves to story.

There is something in the last-named theory: it has been said that the Stock Exchange lends itself more readily to constructing fiction than does fiction to depicting the Stock Exchange. Certainly there is a dull and sordid atmosphere about most imaginative narratives of finance. Bulstrode of "Middlemarch" was a banker, but he might have been anything else, so far as the story is concerned, and the business world of Mr. Howells's Silas Lapham was narrowly circumscribed. Possibly the late Frank Norris came closest of any one in our day to giving romantic life to the every-day detail of the market. But Norris had a method of his own; he was writing the Novel with a Purpose; he steeped himself in the actualities of the Board of Trade before he set his scene; the machinery was really more important than the characters, and that perhaps is why the Leiters and Pattens of the day can read "The Pit" with a convincing sense of being intimately at home in its descriptive chapters.

This was not Dickens's method. He approached the world of practical finance as an uninformed outsider. What he would have made of his bankers, his promoters, and his merchants, if his humor could have played as naturally about them as it did around his young men in search of a career, his first-floor boarders, his country gentlemen, his lawyers, his strolling actors, his impecunious debtors, his police sergeants, and his still more numerous gentlemen of no visible occupation, can only be conjectured. But the insurmountable obstacle appeared to be that Dickens, like many other people in or out of the literary profession, instinctively looked on City trade and banking, whose intricacies he did not understand, as a realm of mysterious achievement where the inhabitants were not like other human beings. That was why he never sketched a convincing likeness of a business man, as such.

Scrooge and Ralph Nickleby might be waived in argument; for to Dickens (perhaps because of his early experience in an habitually insolvent family) a money-lender was not only necessarily a usurer, but, when pictured in the story, was something like personified usury. In his later and more carefully wrought-out novels, Dickens attempted something better than these crude sketches, but with almost equally indifferent success. In "Dombey & Son" he tried to draw a great City merchant, and in "Little Dorrit" a great promoter. But Mr. Dombey and Mr. Merdle are depicted by the maturer Dickens exactly as Dickens in his Old Bailey reporter days would undoubtedly have depicted them. The extremely wooden figure which he presents as the head of Dombey & Son was thus portrayed, no doubt partly because all City merchants seemed like that to the bohemian eye of Dickens (he was quite as unconvincing with his lay-figure noblemen), but partly also because it was difficult for him to imagine men in any such occupation endowed with the ordinary human feelings and emotions. Those were reserved for the retail trade—the drapers, the ship-chandlers, the instrument-makers, and the undertakers—whose humorous side was visible at a glance.

The feeling of relief with which the novelist leaves Mr. Dombey in his office to go home with Dombey's far more amusing clerk, is unmistakable. Dickens cannot resist a laugh at his own picture, when he makes Mr. Toots's pugilistic friend, the Game Chicken, observe of Mr. Dombey "that he's as stiff a cove as ever he see, but that it is within the resources of Science to double him up with one blow in the waistcoat." No reader of the book ever managed to discover just what it was that caused the failure of Dombey & Son; but neither was any one ever able to discover, in the Merdle episode, what it was that the great promoter was promoting, that the Government Circumlocution Office should have held him in such honor and the school children at the blackboard should have written "Merdle-Millions" for their exercises.

Dickens explains, when the eminent promoter's career is ended, that he was merely "the greatest forger who ever cheated the gallows"—which shows a somewhat rudimentary conception of the methods of high finance. Indeed, the notion of the Merdle of "Little Dorrit," with his shuffling manner, downcast eye, and hand retreating uneasily up his coat sleeve, matching wits with Harriman or Gates or Jay Gould or Daniel Drew or George Hudson or the Stock Exchange, or even interesting a banking house in his propositions, is

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just a little whimsical to people who know what successful promoters have to be.

Such reminiscences suggest the query whether English fiction has ever portrayed with real insight the character and life of a practical financier, from the simple business side of it. It is doubtful if the thing has ever been satisfactorily done but once. How Thackeray gained that view of the instincts and feelings of a City financier which made possible, in his "Vanity Fair," the picture of old Sedley, it would be interesting to know. Perhaps he himself had as a boy been tipped by a prosperous merchant of the sort, had met him in the club or the street after the tragedy of bankruptcy, and had been moved by curiosity to trace the intervening incidents. But, after all, it is the downfall of the business man, the change in his place among his colleagues and acquaintances, the pathos of the disintegration of the flourishing financier into the helpless seeker after petty agencies and commissions, which caught the imagination of the novelist. What Sedley or his old acquaintance Osborne did at their City offices, when the ordinary business of the day was started, Thackeray does not tell us. Perhaps he was not himself very sure about it; perhaps his instinct pointed out that it would not have interested the reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Angell, J. R. Chapters from Modern Psychology. Longmans, Green. $1.35 net.
Arey, A. L., Bryant, F. L., Clendenin, W. W., Morrey, W. T. Physiography. (For High Schools.) Heath. $1.25.
Atkinson, William. The Orientation of Buildings, or Planning for Sunlight. Wiley & Sons. $2 net.
Begbie, Harold. Other Sheep. Doran.
Book-Lovers' Anthology. Edited by R. M. Leonard. Frowde. 75 cents.
Boutroux, Émile. William James. Translated from the second edition. Longmans.
Bowie, H. P. On the Laws of Japanese Painting. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $3.50 net.
Bradsher, E. L. Mathew Carey, Editor, Author, and Publisher. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25 net.
Carver, T. N. The Religion Worth Having. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Chase, Prentice. Labor, Law, and Justice. Stamford, Conn.: Bulletin Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Chateaubriand, F. A. Atala. Edited, with notes, by Timothy Cloran. W. R. Jenkins Co. 85 cents.
Cornish, Vaughan. Waves of the Sea, and Other Water Waves. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Dresser, H. W. Human Efficiency. Putnam.
Gaunt, Mary. Alone in West Africa. Scribner.
Irvine, David. The Badness of Wagner's Bad Luck. London: Watts & Co.
Murphy, T. D. Three Wonderlands of the American West. Boston: Page & Co. $3 net.
Newsholme, Arthur. The Declining Birth-rate. Moffat, Yard. 50 cents net.
Nietzsche's Works. Vol. II, Early Greek Philosophy and Other Essays; Vol. VII, Human, All-Too-Human (Part 2); Vol. VIII, The Case of Wagner; We Philologists; Vol. IX, The Dawn of Day; Vol. XVI, The Twilight of the Idols. The Anti-Christ. Vol. XVII Ecce Homo; Poetry. Macmillan. $1.25, $1.75, $1.25, $1.75, $1.75, $2 net.
Nowowiejski, Felix. Quo Vadis? (Musical drama.) J. Fischer & Bro.
Original Narratives of Early American History: Pennsylvania, West New Jersey, Delaware, 1630-1707. Scribner. $3 net.
Oxenham, John. The High Adventure. Duffield. $1.20 net.
Pattee, F. L. The Breaking Point: A Novel. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.25 net.
Piffault, Eugénie. Ma Tante et Mon Curé: Comédie en trois actes. William R. Jenkins Co. 75 cents.
Reed, James. Hidden Riches. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Roberts, T. G. Rayton. Boston: Page & Co. $1.25 net.
Saleeby, C. W. Surgery and Society; The Methods of Race-Regeneration. Moffat, Yard. $2.50; 50 cents, net.
Scheffauer, Herman. The Masque of the Elements. Dutton.
Sienkiewicz, Henryk. Through the Desert. Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.
Taber, Susan. Country Neighbors. Duffield. $1.20 net.
Tennyson and His Friends. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. Macmillan. $3 net.
Tynan, Katharine. Paradise Farm. Duffield. $1.20 net.
Wadlin, H. G. The Public Library of the City of Boston: A History. Boston: The Library.
Weber, F. P. Aspects of Death in Art. Open Court Pub. Co.
Weyl, W. E. The New Democracy. Macmillan.
White, Michael. The Garden of Indra. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Winter, N. O. Chile and Her People of To-day. Boston: Page & Co. $3.
Wright, H. S. The New England Cook Book. Duffield. $1.50 net.
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